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HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

FOR THE USE OF CHRISTIANS.

By D. MILLARD & J. BADGER.

"I will sing with the spirit."—PAUL.

FIFTH EDITION.

UNION MILLS, N. Y.

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PREFACE.

IN offering a new collection of hymns to the public, perhaps a brief apology is due to our brethren. This we freely present them.

Notwithstanding several good collections of hymns have already been published in the Christian connexion, designed by their respective compilers as standard works, yet all of them with which we are acquainted, are, in our judgment, defective in some way or other: 1st: A considerable portion of the hymns found in all of them, are not sung in any congregation, with which we are acquainted. 2d: Most of them are deficient in variety, of such hymns as our congregations need for stated use. 3d: Several hymns are found in all of them, which contain unscriptural expressions, and, in some instances, improper language. 4th: Many excellent hymns are sung in all our congregations, which are not contained in any large collection extant among us, but which have been circulated in small pamphlets, not easily preserved, nor conveniently used in our meetings for worship. All these defects we have endeavored to remedy, as far as the size of our book would permit. Yet, we may have erred in some, or even in all these particulars; but we confidently trust not. We are aware, however, that such is the diversity of taste among Christian worshippers, relative to hymns, that it is not expected this collection, nor any other which could be made, would suit every one. We have only to say, that in our humble judgment, this collection, according to its size, is more free from the above defects, than any with which we are acquainted.

For convenience, we have divided our book into two parts. Part I. contains a selection from the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, with a reference over each, where they may be found in Watts's. We have abridged several of them, and have also taken the liberty to erase unscriptural expressions where they occurred, and substitute scriptural ones in their room. Part II. contains Hymns and Scriptural Songs by different authors; a few of which have never appeared in any hymn-book before. We prefer this arrangement to that of classing hymns under different heads, or subjects. This manner of compiling a hymn-book is attended with one difficulty, at least, while at the same time it can present but little advantage. In order to make out a variety on a number of subjects, some hymns are always inserted, which, perhaps, are never used in our congregations, while others, superior in merit, are omitted. Instead of classing the hymns, we have given directions over our table of first lines, how hymns on several different subjects may be readily found. (See the Index.)

We would further state, that we have compiled this book, at the request of a large and respectable number of Elders and Brethren. May their best expectations be realized; and may this collection of hymns aid and cheer our brethren in general, on their pilgrimage-journey, till they, with the humble compilers, shall be raised to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, with the innumerable concourse around the throne of God.

THE COMPILERS.

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

BY DR. WATTS.

PSALM 1—W. 5. C. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

PSALM 2—W. 17. S. M.

Portion of saints and sinners ; or hope and despair in death.

ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee ;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain ;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store ;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God ;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heav'n begun,
When I awake from death,
Dress'd in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM 3—W. 23. S. M.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

- 2 He leads me to the place,
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 4—W. 27. 1st Part. C. M.

The Church is our delight and safety.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

- 2 One privilege my heart desires:
O! grant me an abode

Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around ;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 5—W. 27. 2d Part. C. M.

Prayer and Hope.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children seek my grace ;"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed

Thy grace would soon provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints
And keep your courage up ;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 6—W. 30. 2d Part. L. M.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night ;
Fondly I said within my heart,
“Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.”

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long ;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
“What canst thou profit by my blood ?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?”

4 “Hear me, O God of grace,” I said,
“And bring me from among the dead ;”
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love removed my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
Are turned to joy and praises now ;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
 For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

PSALM 7—W. 32. S. M.

Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

O BLESSED souls are they,
 Whose sins are covered o'er!
 Divinely blessed to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives, without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt a fest'ring wound;
 'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne;
 Our help in times of deep distress,
 Is found in God alone.

PSALM 8—W. 34. 1st Part. L. M.

God's care of the saints; or deliverance by prayer.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
 Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
 My soul shall glory in thy grace,
 Where saints rejoice to hear the song.

- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me ;
 Come let us all exalt his name :
 I sought th' eternal God, and he
 Has not exposed my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,
 My secret groaning reach'd his ears ;
 He gave my inward pains relief,
 And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
 Their faces feel the heav'nly shine ;
 A beam of mercy from the skies
 Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
 Around the men who serve the Lord :
 O fear and love him, all ye saints,
 Taste of his grace and trust his word !
- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
 And hunger, roar through all the wood :
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM 9—W. 39. 2d Part. C. M.

The vanity of man as mortal.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou maker of my frame,
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time ;

Man is but vain and empty dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows, o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM 10—W. 40. 1st Part. C. M.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

I WAITED patient for the Lord:
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;

And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad :
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love !
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low.
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy wo,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 11—W. 45. 2d Part. L. M.

Christ and his church ; or the mystical marriage.

THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold ;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice:
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he's thy Savior and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, a num'rous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honors crown his head
Let every age his praises spread;
While we, with cheerful songs, approve
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM 12—W. 48. 2d Part. S. M.

The beauty of the church; or gospel worship and order.

FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And councils of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,

Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And Jewish rites of old.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM 13—W. 51. 1st Part. L. M.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace :
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my
 breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death ;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 14—W. 55. S. M.

Dangerous prosperity ; or daily devotion encouraged.

THOUGH sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death ;
 I, in the worship of my God,
 Will spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
 When morning brings the light ;
 I seek his blessing every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God !
 While sinners perish in surprise
 Beneath thine angry rod.

- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord :
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

PSALM 15—W. 61. S. M.

Safety in God.

WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies ;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name,

If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 16—W. 62. L. M.

*No trust in the creature ; or faith in divine grace
and power.*

MY spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face ;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity ;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke ?

5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard :
" All power is his eternal due ;
He must be feared and trusted too."

PSALM 17—W. 63. 1st Part. C. M.

The morning of a Lord's day.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face :
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath the burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine !

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and king ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 18—W. 71. 2d Part. C. M.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

MY Savior, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore!
And since I knew thy grace at first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

PSALM 19—W. 71. 3d Part. C. M.

The aged Christian's prayer and song ; or old age, death, and the resurrection.

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart ?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove ;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love !

PSALM 20—W. 72. 3d Part. L. M.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

5 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.]

PSALM 21—W. 73. L. M.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But, O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so,
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,

There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancied joys how fast they flee !
Just like a dream when man awakes ;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM 22—W. 84. 2d Part. L. M.

God and his church ; or, grace and glory.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun ; he makes our day ;
God is our shield ; he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey;
And devils at thy presence flee;
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 23—W. 84. H. M.

Longing for the house of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest.
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill!

4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark veil of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet!

PSALM 24—W. 89. Last Part. L. M. 6l.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man :
 How few his hours ! how short his span !
 Short from the cradle to the grave :
 Who can secure his vital breath
 Against the bold demands of death,
 With skill to fly, or power to save ?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
 "The race of man was only made
 For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ?"
 Are not thy servants, day by day,
 Sent to their graves, and turned to clay ?
 Lord, where's thy kindness to the just ?

3 "Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
 And all his seed, a heavenly crown ?
 But flesh and sense indulge despair :
 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who gives his saints a long reward,
 For all their toil, reproach, and pain :
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
 And each repeat a loud amen.

PSALM 25—W. 90. L. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A pathetic and mournful song at a funeral.

THROUGH every age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;
 High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
 Or dust was fashioned into man :
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,
 When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity :
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
 "Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an overflowing stream
 Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
 An empty tale ; a morning flower,
 Cut down and wither'd in an hour,

5 [Our age to seventy years is set ;
 How short the term ! how frail the state !
 And if to eighty we arrive,
 We rather sigh and groan than live.

6 But O, how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years ;
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread ;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

7 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man !
And kindly lengthen out our span,
'Till a wise care of piety
Fits us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM 26—W. 90. 1st Part, C. M.

Man frail, and God eternal.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men ;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages, in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone ;

Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM 27—W. 90. 3d Part. C. M.

Breathing after Heaven.

RETURN, O God of love, return ;
Earth is a tiresome place ;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face ?

2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease ;
And, in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servant show,
Make thine own work complete ;
Then shall our souls thy glory know
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord ;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 28—W. 90. S. M.

The frailty and shortness of life.

LORD, what a feeble piece,
Is this, our mortal frame ?

Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name.

2 Alas ! 'twas brittle clay
That built our bodies first !
And ev'ry month, and every day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay ;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea :
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of bless'd eternity.

PSALM 29—W. 92. 1st Part. L. M.

A psalm for the Lord's day.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 30—W. 92. 2d Part. L. M.

The Church is the garden of God.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand ;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love
Bless'd with thine influence from above ;

Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true :
None, that attend his gates, shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 31—W. 95. C. M.

A psalm before prayer.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compared with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns, dark and deep
Lies in his spacious hands ;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request ;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear
“Ye shall not see my rest.”

PSALM 32—W. 95. S. M.

A psalm before sermon.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the gracious God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod :
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But, if your ears refuse,
The language of his grace

And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews',
That unbelieving race.

6 The Lord, in vengeance dress'd,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You, that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there.

PSALM 33—W. 96. C. M.

Christ's first and second coming.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue :
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus, reigns
God's own beloved Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes ! he comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear !

PSALM 34—W. 98. 2d Part. C. M.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

JOY to the world ! the Lord is come !

Let earth receive her King :
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth ! the Savior reigns !

Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;

He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 35—W. 103. 1st Part. S. M.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul,

Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave,
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath matchless power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'ers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM 36—W. 103. 2d Part. S. M.

*Abounding compassion of God ; or mercy in the
midst of judgment.*

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

- 2 God will not always chide,
And when his strokes are felt,

His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with ev'ry breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 37—W. 110. C. M.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit ;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy wondrous grace.
- 3 Jesus, our priest, for ever lives
To plead for us above ;
Jesus, our king, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.
- 4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain ;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 38—W. 111. 2d Part. C. M.

The perfections of God.

- G**REAT is the Lord ; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure ;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM 39—W. 116. 1st Part. C. M.

Recovery from sickness.

I LOVE the Lord ; he heard my cries,
 And pitied ev'ry groan ;
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord ; he bow'd his ear,
 And chased my griefs away :

O let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray !

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
 And I drew near the dead ;
 While inward pangs and fears of hell
 Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 " My God," I cried, " thy servant save,
 Thou ever good and just ;
 Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
 He bade my pains remove :
 Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.

6 My God has saved my soul from death,
 And dried my falling tears ;
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

PSALM 40—W. 95. C. M.

*Vows made in trouble, paid in the church ; or
 public thanks for private deliverance.*

WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown ?

My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My off'rings shall be paid ;

There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul, in anguish, made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God !

How dear thy servants in thy sight ;
How precious is their blood !

4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !

My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;

Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;

Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 41—W. 118. S. M.

*A hosanna for the Lord's day ; or a new song
of salvation by Christ.*

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse,
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM 42—W. 119. 1st Part. C. M.

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

BLESS'D are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

- 2 Bless'd are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate;
The proud shall die accursed;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden in the dust.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 43—W. 119. 4th Part. C. M.

Instruction from scripture.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.
- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;
I hate the sinner's road :
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM 44—W. 119. 6th Part. C. M.

Holiness and comfort from the Word.

- L**ORD I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just ;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.
- 2 Thy precepts often I survey ;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.
- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be !"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.
- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine ;

Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compared to mine.

PSALM 45—W. 119. 7th Part. C. M.

Imperfection of nature and perfection of scripture.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look.

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below,
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought,
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

5 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 46—W. 119. 8th Part. C. M.

*The word of God is the saint's portion; or the
excellency and variety of scripture.*

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;

- There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies ;—
- 4 The best relief that mourners have—
It makes our sorrows bless'd ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 47—W. 119. 11th Part. C. M.

Breathing after holiness.

- O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !
- 2 O send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
No covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;

Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray ;
My feet too often slip ;

Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road ;

Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM 48.—W. 119. 16th Part. C. M.

Prayer for quickening grace.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord, give me life divine !
From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road ?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face ?

And yet, how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word ;

When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 49—W. 121. L. M.

Divine protection.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies :
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives ; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

4 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star,
Dart his malignant fire so far.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord ; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.

6 On thee, foul spirits have no power ;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM 50—W. 121. H. M.

God our preserver.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid ;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 Nor burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word,
 To save my soul from death ?
 And can I trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath ?

I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

PSALM 51—W. 122. C. M.

Going to Church.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say :

“ In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day.”

2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace, built for God,
 To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair ;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
 And while his awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest ;
 With holy gifts, and heav'nly grace,
 Be her attendants bless'd.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Savior reigns.

PSALM 52—W. 122. S. P. M.

Going to Church.

HOW pleased, and bless'd was I,
 To hear the people cry,
 "Come, let us seek our God to-day."
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
 Has fixed his royal throne ;
 He sits for grace and judgment there ;
 He bids the saints be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of ev'ry guest ;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 My tongue reports her vows,
 "Peace to this sacred house !
 For here my friends and kindred dwell ;
 And since my glorious God,
 Makes thee his bless'd abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

PSALM 53—W. 126. C. M.

The joy of a remarkable conversion ; or melancholy removed.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And changed my mournful state,
 My raptures seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess ;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
 And own'd thy power divine ;
 "Great is the work," my heart replied,
 "And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies.
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
 Till the fair harvest come,
 They shall confess their sheaves are great
 And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
 It sha'n't deceive their hope!
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
 For grace ensures the crop.

PSALM 54—W. 131. C. M.

Humility and submission.

IS there ambition in my heart?
 Search, gracious God, and see,
 Or do I act a haughty part?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild,
 Content, my Father, with thy will,
 And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward;
 Let saints in sorrow be resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 55—W. 132. L. M.

*At the settlement of a church ; or the ordination
 of a minister.*

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
 A habitation for our God,
 A dwelling for th' Eternal mind,
 Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
 Of Zion for his ancient rest;
 And Zion is his dwelling still,
 His church is with his presence blessed.

- 3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever," saith the Lord ;
"Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread
Sinners, that wait before my door,
With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 "Girded with truth, and cloth'd with
grace,
My priests, my ministers, shall shine ;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 "The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing :
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her king."

PSALM 56—W. 133. S. M.

*Communion of Saints ; or love and worship in
a family.*

- B**LESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Bless'd is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,

The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus, on the heav'nly hills
The saints are bless'd above,
Where joy, like morning dew distils
And all the air is love.

PSALM 57—W. 133. S. P. M.

The blessings of friendship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in his proper station move
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!
2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and bless'd his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills—
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love, like heav'nly dew distils.

PSALM 58—W. 145. L. M.

The greatness of God.

MY God, my King, thy various praise,
Shall fill the remnant of my days:

Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
'Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with matchless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let " ev'ry realm with joy " proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unmeasurable thy ways ;
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

PSALM 59—W. 146. L. M.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; my heart shall join
In works so pleasant, so divine,
Now while my flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 His truth for ever stands secure :
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 The Lord has eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

6 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell ;
Thy God, O Zion ! ever reigns :
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 60—W. 146. L M. 6l.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust
Princes must die and turn to dust ;

Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour ;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell ;
Thy God, O Zion ! ever reigns ;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 61—W. 147. 1st Part. L. M.

The divine nature, Providence, and Grace.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise

His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name ;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the wounded spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;
And all his glories infinite ;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PSALM 62—W. 147. C. M.

The seasons of the year.

WITH songs and honors sounding loud
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3. His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

4 When from his dreadful stores on high,
He pours the ratt'ling hail,
The wretch who dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye creation's Lord.

PSALM 63—W. 148. S. M.

Universal praise.

LET ev'ry creature join,
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers of snow,

Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 By all his works above,
His honors be express'd ;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

HYMNS.

HYMN 1—W. 1. b. 1. C. M.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his father's throne :
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

- 4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

HYMN 2—W. 5. b. 1. C. M.

Submission to afflictive providence.

- NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sink them in the grave ;
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then ;
Let each rebellious sigh

Be silent at his righteous will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 3—W. 6. b. 1. C. M.

Triumph over death.

GREAT God, I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay ;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs ;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My Lord, my Savior, comes.

3 The mighty Conq'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 4—W. 7. b. 1. C. M.

*The invitation of the Gospel; or spiritual food
and clothing.*

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:

Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 5—W. 10. b. 1. S. M.

The blessedness of gospel times ; or the revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !

"Zion, behold thy Savior King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

HYMN 6—W. 15. b. 1. L. M.

Our own weakness, and Christ our strength.

LET me but hear my Savior say,
“Strength shall be equal to the day,”
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me :
When I am weak then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But, if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost ;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

HYMN 7—W. 17. b. 1. C. M.

Victory over death.

O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful powers.

- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside?
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ my ransom died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks he paid,
Who makes us conq'rors, while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

HYMN 8—W. 18. b. 1. C. M.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins released,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life,
End in a large reward.

HYMN 9—W. 19. b. 1. C. M.

The song of Simeon ; or death made desirable.

LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Savior here ;
O make our joys the same !

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child.

3 " Now I can leave this world," he cried,
" Behold thy servant dies !
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the Light, prepared to shine,
Upon the Gentile lands ;
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 [Jesus ! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms !
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

HYMN 10—W. 20. b. 1. C. M.

Spiritual apparel ; namely, the robe of righteousness, and the garments of salvation.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice ;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Savior wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !
These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !

5 The spirit wrought my faith and love !
And hope, and ev'ry grace ;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By Him who died for thee !
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

HYMN 11—W. 21. b. 1. C. M.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.

LO, what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Savior, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 12—W. 27. b. 1. C. M.

Assurance of heaven ; or a saint prepared to die.

[**D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home,
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design ;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain ;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

HYMN 13—W. 39. b. 1. C. M.

God's tender care of his church.

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song;
 Almighty love inspires my heart,
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God, on his thirsty Sion hill,
 Some mercy-drops has thrown;
 And solemn oaths have bound his love
 To shower salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
 Suspicions, and complaints?
 Is he a God, and shall his grace
 Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
 The infant of her care,
 And, 'mong a thousand tender thoughts,
 Her suckling have no share?

5 "Yea," saith the Lord, "should nature
 And mothers monsters prove, [change,
 Sion still dwells upon the heart
 Of everlasting love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
 I have engraved her name;
 My hand shall raise her ruin'd walls,
 And build her broken frame."

HYMN 14—W. 41. b. 1. C. M.

The same; or the martyrs glorified.

"THESE glorious minds, how bright they
 Whence all their white array? [shine!

- How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day ?
- 2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white,
In Jesus' dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne ;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy one.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast ;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 15—W. 48. b. 1. L. M.

The Christian's race.

A WAKE, our souls, (away, our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;) **A**
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint :
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN 16—W. 15. b. 1. S. M.

Preserving grace.

TO God, the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His council and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Untblemish'd and complete,

Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our all-gracious God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 17—W. 52. b. 1. L. M.

Baptism.

TWAS the commission of our Lord,
“Go, teach the nations and baptize.”
The nations have received the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th’ eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov’nant with the seals,
To bless the darksome Gentile lands.

3 “Repent, and be baptized,” he saith,
“For the remission of your sins;”
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord,
O God, our endless portion be.
In heaven our solemn vows record!

HYMN 18—W. 62. b. 1. C. M.

*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by
all the creation.*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessing more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 19—W. 64. b. 1. S. M.

Adoption.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 20—W. 76. b. 1. L. M.

Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth.

WHEN strangers stand, and hear me tell
What beauties in my Savior dwell;
Where he is gone, they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne,
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Aminadab
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my love.]

HYMN 21—W. 79. b. 1. L. M.

A morning hymn.

- G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
 'The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil,
 Th' appointed duties of the day;
 With ready mind and active will
 March on and keep my heav'nly way.
- 4 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
 If God, my sun, should disappear,
 And leave me in this world's wide maze,
 To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
 Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
 Thy threatnings just, thy promise sure;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And **then** receive me to thy bliss;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold, compared with this.

HYMN 22—W. 81. b. 1. L. M.

A song for morning and evening.

- M**Y God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;

And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
'To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 23—W. 88. b. 1. L. M.

Life, the day of grace and hope.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 24—W. 90. b. 1. C. M.

Youth and Judgment.

LO, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high;
The frightened earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fi'ry test?
I'd give all mortal joys away,
To be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 25—W. 91. b. 1. L. M.

*Advice to youth ; or old age and death in an
unconverted state.*

NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God ;
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, " My joys are gone."

2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell.
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 26—W. 100. b. 1. L. M.

Believe and be saved.

NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear ;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

- 3 Sinners, believe the Savior's word,
 Trust in his mighty name, and live;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

HYMN 27—W. 102. b. 1. L. M.

The beatitude.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty :
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart :
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.

4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness ;
 They shall be well supplied and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
 And melt with sympathy and love ;
 From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
 Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling power of sin :
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife;
 They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bless'd are the suff'ers, who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
 Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN 28—W. 103. b. 1. C. M.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name;
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 29—W. 105. b. 1. C. M.

Heaven invisible and holy.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,

- What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, no envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
'There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

HYMN 30—W. 108. b. 1. S. M.

Christ unscen and beloved.

- NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow

Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 31—W. 110. b. 1. C. M.

Death and immediate glory.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high ;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven ;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 32—W. 112. b. 1. C. M.

The brazen serpent ; or looking to Jesus.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;

- The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
And live," the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When Faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Savior hung ;
High in the heavens he reigns ;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 33—W. 113. b. 1. S. M.

Moses and Christ ; or sins against the law and gospel.

THE law by Moses came ;
But peace, and truth, and love
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sovereign and the Head.

- 4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold ! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN 34—W. 119. b. 1. C. M.

The different success of the Gospel.

CHRIST and the cross are all our theme :
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word ;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath ;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his spirit down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain, Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 35—W. 120. b. 1. C. M.

Faith of things unseen.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight,
 Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home,
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
 By God's Almighty word :
 Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
 By faith obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city, fair and high,
 Built by th' Eternal hands ;
 And faith assures us, though we die,
 That heavenly building stands.

HYMN 36—W. 123. b. 1. C. M.

The repenting prodigal.

BEHOLD the wretch, whose lusts and wine
 Have wasted his estate ;
 He begs a share amongst the swine,
 To taste the husks they eat !

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries ;
 "I starve in foreign lands ;
 My father's house has large supplies,
 And bounteous are his hands.

- 3 "I'll go, and, with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face ;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love ;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kissed his son :
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.
- 6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
(The father gives command ;)
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 "A day of feasting I ordain :
Let mirth and joy abound ;
My son was dead and lives again,
Was lost and now is found."

HYMN 37—W. 125. b. 1. C. M.

Christ's compassion for the weak and tempted.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;

He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power :
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 38—W. 127. b. 1. L. M.

*Christ's invitation to sinners ; or humility and
pride.*

COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
 My yoke is easy to his neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 39—W. 128. b. 1. L. M.

*The Apostles' commission ; or the gospel attested
 by miracles.*

“GO, preach my gospel,” saith the Lord ;
 “Bid the whole earth my grace re-
 ceive ;

He shall be saved that trusts my word ;
 He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 [I'll make your great commission known,
 And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 Go cast out devils in my name ;
 Nor let my prophets be afraid,
 Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
 pheme.]

4 Teach all the nations my commands ;
 I'm with you till the world shall end ;
 All power is trusted in my hands ;
 I can destroy, and I defend.”

5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended Lord.

HYMN 40—W. 129. b. 1. L. M.

Submission and deliverance ; or Abraham offering his son.

SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord ;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abra'm, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command ;
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abra'm, forbear," the angel cried ;
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried ;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring power ;
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 41—W. 132. b. 1. L. M.

Holiness and grace.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God :
When the Salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied.
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirit up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 42—W. 132. b. 1. C. M.

Love and charity.

LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare ;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste ;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue ;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.

4 [She **nor** desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time ;

Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbor's good ;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above ;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN 43—W. 138. b. 1. C. M.

Saints in the hands of Christ.

FIRM as the earth the gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

HYMN 44—W. 144. b. 1. C. M.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?

Great Comforter ! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?

When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's Blood ;

And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;

And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 45—W. 3. b. 2. C. M.

The death and burial of a saint.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move ?

Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?

There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

- 4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations, under ground:
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 46—W. 9. b. 2. C. M.

*Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of
Christ.*

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Jesus die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath of men,
The glorious Suff'rer stood!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,

When Christ the glorious Savior died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 47—W. 10. b. 2. C. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Lies not within your power.

3 There's nothing round the spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Savior, dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 48—W. 14. b. 2. S. M.

The Lord's day, or delight in ordinances.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 49—W. 15. b. 2. L. M.

The enjoyment of Christ ; or delight in worship.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone ;
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would my eyes my Savior see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee !

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire ;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming rows, at thy right hand ;
And, in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace ;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great Emmanuel, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN 50—W. 16. b. 2. L. M.

Part the second.

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name.

2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joy,
Our raptured eyes and souls employ,
Here we could sit and gaze away,
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coast of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove,
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees;
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

HYMN 51—W. 19. b. 2. C. M.

Our bodies frail, and God our preserver.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear!
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

HYMN 52—W. 25. b. 2. C. M.

Complaining of spiritual sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so!
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull!

- 2 The little ants for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive ;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard, the angel bands
Come flying from above.
- 4 We, for whom Christ, the Son, came down,
And labor'd for our good :
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move ;
Upward our souls shall rise :
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly, and take the prize.

HYMN 53—W. 28. b. 2. C. M.

Death and eternity.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death,
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath !

- 2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few ;

Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?

Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

4 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

HYMN 54—W. 31. b. 2. L. M.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tin'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away:
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings and haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 55—W. 33. b. 2. C. M.

The blessed society in heaven.

RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through ev'ry heavenly street,
And say there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above ;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3 There on a high majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like the sun, the Savior sits,
And spreads eternal noon ;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amid those ever-shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove ;
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 [But, oh, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while !
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in ev'ry smile !]

7 Jesus, O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,

When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there.

HYMN 56—W. 34. b. 2. C. M.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit, or fervency of
devotion desired.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 57—W. 38. b. 2. C. M.

Love to God.

HAPPY the heart where grace doth reign,
Where love inspires the breast;

- Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 58—W. 39. b. 2. C. M.

The shortness and misery of life.

- OUR days, alas ! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too !
" Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but, at best, a narrow bound,
That heaven allows to men ;
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste ;
Moments of sin, and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN 59—W. 47. b. 2. L. M.

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.

3 But, in his looks, a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands ;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

4 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face ;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

HYMN 60—W. 48. b. 2. C. M.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

HOW vain are all things here below !
 How false, and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flatt'ring light ;
 We should suspect some danger nigh
 Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense !
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Savior, let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food ;
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

HYMN 61—W. 49. b. 2. C. M.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
 If God be with us there ;
 We may walk through the darkest shade,
 And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
 If my Creator bid ;

And run, if I were call'd to go
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath ;
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 62—W. 54. b. 2. C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun !
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his."

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word :
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord !

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe :
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conq'ror through.

HYMN 63—W. 55. b. 2. C. M.

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame :
What dying worms are we !

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings !

6 Infinite joy, or dreadful wo,
Attends on every breath ;

And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death !
 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road ;
 And, if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

HYMN 64—W. 56. b. 2. C. M.

*The misery of being without God in the world ;
 or vain prosperity.*

NO ! I shall envy them no more,
 Who grow profanely great,
 Though they increase their golden store,
 And rise to wondrous height.
 2 They taste of all the joys that grow
 Upon this earthly clod ;
 Well, they may search the creature through,
 For they have ne'er a God.
 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
 And think your life your own ;
 But death comes hast'ning on to you,
 To mow your glory down.
 4 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
 And tell how bright they shine ;
 Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
 And my Redeemer's mine !

HYMN 65—W. 61. b. 2. C. M.

A thought of death and glory.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,

When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb ;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 Oh ! could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead ;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead :

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load,
And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 66—W. 63. b. 2. C. M.

A funeral thought.

HARK ! from the tomb, a doleful sound !
Mine ears attend the cry,
“ Ye living men, come, view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers ;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 67—W. 65. b. 2. C. M.

The hope of heaven, our support under trials.

- W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

- 3 When we've been there ten thousand
 Bright shining as the sun ; [years,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first began.

HYMN 68—W. 66. b. 2. C. M.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green ;
 So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.]
- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan, that we love,
 With unclouded eyes :
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er ;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 69—W. 74. b. 2. S. M.

*Repentance from a sense of divine goodness ; or
a complaint of ingratitude.*

IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?

2 To what a stubborn frame,
Has sin reduced our mind !
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !

3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays ;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men ;
But we, more base, more stubborn things,
Reject his easy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, by thy grace, these hearts of stone
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let our ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes ;
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 70—W. 77. b. 2. L. M.

The Christian's warfare.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armor on;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where thy great Captain Savior's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
 But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
 Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 [What though thine inward lusts rebel;
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
 The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace;
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 71—W. 93. b. 2. S. M.

God all, and in all.

MY God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call;
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all

- 2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise, when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]
- 3 [The smilings of thy face,
How ami'ble they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.]
- 4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]
- 5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 [To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus raise me higher.]

HYMN 72—W. 94. b. 2. C. M.

God my only happiness.

WHAT empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !

There's nothing here deserves my joys ;
There's nothing like my God.

2 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light,

'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3 And while upon my restless bed
Among the shades I roll,

If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

4 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode ;

Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

5 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee !

Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me ?

6 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;

Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

7 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;

Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 73—W. 103. b. 2. C. M.

Christ's commission.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs ;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his only Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod :
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And love bedew'd the throne.
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry :
Trust in the mighty Savior's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace ;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN 74—W. 104. b. 2. S. M.

The same.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,

Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Etern Love,
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race,
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 75—W. 107. b. 2. C. M.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test,

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Beloved of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that dismal word,
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

5 Jesus, I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

6 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise, in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

7 [Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN 76—W. 110. b. 2. S. M.

Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?

- And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
- 3 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine ;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 77—W. 116. b. 2. C. M.

Miseries and thanks.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad ?

2 How can I die, while Jesus lives;
Who rose and left the dead ?

Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine ;

Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,

I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN 78—W. 122. b. 2. L. M.

Retirement and meditation.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth !

Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go ?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
Thy voice of love can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity begone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

HYMN 79—W. 133. b. 2. L. M.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit ! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day :
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows the voice :
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 80—W. 139. b. 2. L. M.

The example of Christ.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word :
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer ;

The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern ; make me hear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 81—W. 142. b. 2. S. M.

Faith in Christ our sacrifice.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice,
To see the curse removed ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 82—W. 144. b. 2. L. M.

The effusion of the spirit ; or the success of the gospel.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met ;
Whilst on their heads thy Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles, he gave !
And power to heal, and power to save !
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north :
“ Go, and assert your Savior's cause,
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.”

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrines of the cross.

6 Great King of Grace, my heart subdue ;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 83—W. 152. b. 2. C. M.

Sinai and Sion.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke.

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are wrote in heaven,
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 84—W. 158. b. 2. L. M.

Few saved ; or the almost Christian, the hypocrite and apostate.

BRoad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 85—W. 161. b. 2. C. M.

Christian virtues ; or the difficulty of conversion.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high ;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd ;

Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 [Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.]

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
That vile idolatry ;
And every member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint ;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN 86—W. 7. b. 3. L. M.

Crucifixion to the World by the cross of Christ.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my Lord ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet;
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 87—W. 13. b. 3. C. M.

*Divine love making a feast, and calling in the
guests.*

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 While every heart, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

PART II.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,

BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

HYMN 1. Part 2d—8s.

The last lines of Cowper.

- T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O! bear me ye cherubim up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Savior, whom absent, I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee:
Oh, strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 Oh, now let that era begin,
When, array'd in thy glory, I shine;
And never again pierce with sin,
The bosom on which I recline.

HYMN 2. Part 2d—7 & 6.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace :
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay ;
Time will soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above !

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course :
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun—
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
While I that coast explore ;
Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims, fix not here your home ;
Strangers, tarry but a night :
When the last great morn shall come,
We'll rise to joyful light !

4 Come, my brethren, face the storm ;
Press onward to the prize :
Soon our Savior will return,
Triumphant, in the skies ;
Yet, a season, and you know

Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

HYMN 3. Part 2d—8.

Babylonish captivity. (Tune, Bonny Doon.)

WHEN we our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Zion was our mournful theme.
Our harps that, when with joy we strung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung,
On willow-trees that wither'd there.

2 Then they that led us captive, said,
Come sing us one of Zion's songs ;
And of our griefs derision made,
Nor Jacob's God avenged our wrongs.
How can we sing on Babel's shore,
Where songs profane offend the ear ;
Where strangers idol gods adore,
And hateful images appear ?

3 If I forget Jerusalem,
Although she now in ruin lies,
Let every object cease to charm,
Then cleave my tongue, and close my eyes ;
O could I see the house of God,
Whose sacred ashes bleach the plains,
Once more my brethren's bless'd abode,
There would I dwell while life remains.

4 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
And strive to gain the heavenly land ;

Where all the saints their honors bring,
 And crown with joy Jerusalem.
 There glory, glory, we shall sing,
 When all our gloomy doubts are o'er,
 And join to praise our conq'ring King,
 On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore.

HYMN 4. Part 2d—7.

Desire for Holiness.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
 Stephen's faith and patience show ;
 John's divine communion feel ;
 Moses' meekness—Joshua's zeal ;
 Run like the unwearied Paul ;
 Win the prize and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess—
 Lydia's tender-heartedness :
 Peter's ardent spirit feel ;
 James's faith by works reveal :
 Like young Timothy, may I
 Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission let me show ;
 David's true devotion know ;
 Samuel's call, O may I hear !
 Lazarus' happy portion share :
 Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
 All my new-born soul inspire !

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer ;
 Gideon's valiant steadfast care ;
 Joseph's purity impart ;
 Isaac's meditative heart—

Abra'm's friendship—let me prove
Faithful to the God of love !

5 Most of all, may I pursue
That example JESUS drew :
In my life and conduct show
How he lived and walk'd below :
Day by day, through grace bestow'd,
Imitate my dearest Lord.

6 Then shall I these worthies meet ;
With them bow at Jesus' feet,
With them praise the God of love,
With them share the joys above,
With them range the blissful shore ;
Meet them all to part no more.

HYMN 5. Part 2d—L. M.

Emmanuel.

PRAISE God, the Father, heavenly light ;
Praise Christ, the Son, my soul's delight
Bless'd Holy Ghost, come dwell with me
Through time and in Eternity,
Ye glitt'ring orbs around the skies,
Who speak his glories as you rise,
Your silent language ne'er can tell
The glory of Emmanuel.
Tall mountains that becloud the skies,
And all the hills that round you rise,
While time endures, ye ne'er can tell
The glory of Emmanuel.

2 Ye trembling seas with dismal roar,
Whose billows roll from shore to shore,

Your thundering language ne'er can tell
The power of Christ, Emmanuel.
Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng,
Through every land extend the song ;
A guilty world redeem'd from hell
By Christ, the Lord, Emmanuel.
Behold him leave his Father's throne,
Behold him bleeding, hear him groan ;
Death's iron chains can ne'er excel
The strength of Christ, Emmanuel.

3 Behold him mount his honor'd seat,
And millions bowing at his feet ;
He conquer'd all the powers of hell ;
Yes, glory to Emmanuel.
His fame shall sound from pole to pole,
While glory rolls from soul to soul ;
The gospel sound goes forth to tell
The glory of Emmanuel.
While I am singing of his fame
My soul begins to feel the flame ;
Though full of love, I ne'er can tell
The beauty of Emmanuel.

4 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And see the nations gather round !
While angels shout, the saints shall tell
The glory of Emmanuel.
Ten thousand thousand in the throng,
Ten thousand thousand join the song ;
Some souls are saved by Christ from hell,
Glory to Christ, Emmanuel !
My soul, transported with his charms,
I long to dwell in Jesus' arms :

My loving brethren all farewell,
I go to meet Emmanuel.

HYMN 6. Part 2d—C. M.

WHAT scenes of terror and amaze
Break through this twilight gloom?
What hand invisible displays
The secrets of the tomb?

2 The vision of the tomb is pass'd ;
Beyond it who can tell
In what mysterious regions cast,
Immortal spirits dwell?

3 I know not ; yet I soon shall know,
When life's sore conflicts cease :
When this desponding head lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

4 For see, o'er death's bewild'ring wave,
The rainbow hope arise ;
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
It bends beyond the skies.

5 From earth to heaven it swells and shines,
The pledge of bliss to man ;
Time with eternity combines,
And grasps them with a span.

6 Life lies in embryo, never free,
Till nature yields her breath ;
Till time becomes ETERNITY,
And man is born in DEATH.

HYMN 7. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Friendship.

JESUS to ev'ry willing mind,
Offers a heavenly treasure ;
There may the sons of sorrow find
Sources of real pleasure.
See what employments men pursue,
Then you will own my words are true ;
Jesus alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleasure.

2 Poor are the joys which fools esteem,
Fading and transitory ;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story.
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind,
Only in Jesus can we find
Pleasure and solid glory.

3 Learning is not the greatest thing,
Though it is worth possessing ;
Riches, for ever on the wing,
Seldom prove a blessing ;
Sensual pleasure swells desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire ;
Jesus can real bliss inspire,
Bliss, that is worth possessing.

4 Beauty with its gaudy shows,
Is but a painted bubble,
Short is the triumph it bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble.
Fame, like a shadow, flees away,
Titles and dignities decay ;

Nothing but Jesus can display
Joys that are free from trouble.
5 Happy the man who has a friend,
Namely, the God of Nature ;
Well may he feel and recommend
Friendship with our Creator.
Then as our hearts in Jesus join'd,
So let our social powers combine,
Ruled by a passion most divine,
Friendship with our Creator.

HYMN 8. Part 2d—9 & 8.

Happy converts.

YE happy children, who follow Jesus
Into the house of prayer and praise,
Whose hearts are join'd in love and union,
Resolved this way to spend your days :
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
And flesh, and such as know not God,
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
We've oftentimes found on Canaan's road.
2 While we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
We've felt some streams come from above ;
Our hearts have burnt with holy fire,
While he's pour'd forth his heavenly love ;
Then let us hold fast what is given,
And trust in God for what's to come,
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So farewell, brethren, we're going home.
3 But as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
And pray for those who spurn his grace,
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
And ne'er enjoy God's smiling face.

Now here's my hand and my best wishes
In token of my Christian love,
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
So farewell, brethren, we'll meet above.

HYMN 9. Part 2d—11.

The saint's sweet home.

MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy, the re's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
peace,
And their precious Jesus whose love cannot
cease ;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, my home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with
thee ;
Though now my temptations like billows may
foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at
home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties t' shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine ;
But in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

HYMN 10. Part 2d—L. M.

The parting hand.

MY dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union move,
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.
Your comp'ny sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear,
And when I see that we must part,
You draw, like cords, around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray !
How loath we've been to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind !
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3 Then since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for awhile,
In sweet submission all as one,
We'll say, " Our Father's will be done."
How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears,
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

4 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you no more on earth I see :

An int'rest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
O glorious day, O blessed hope!
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
When in that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

HYMN 11. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Friendly union.

COME, citizens and friends, so dear,
Who can assist to sing, draw near;
And you that cannot, lend an ear,
And let us banish hate and fear,
And live in friendly union.

2 Why should the Turk the Jew condemn,
The Jew the Christian reprehend,
And Christians ev'ry sect condemn,
But those who think alike with them,
And thus destroy this union?

3 Why quarrel thus about a name?
Are not saints ev'ry where the same?
And all are more or less to blame,
But these are most deserving fame,
Who best promote this union.

4 If God be Father of us all,
Our mother be this earthly ball,
Should not the Christians, great and small,
Each one the other, brother call,
And live in friendly union?

5 No parents can delight to see
Their children plunged in misery,

But rather they should happy be,
And live in love and harmony,
And thus cement this union.

6 The Christian's path, if we attend,
Will guide us safely to the end,
Then ev'ry soul let us befriend,
And charity to all extend,
And thus complete this union.

7 Soon may this be our happy case,
Hatred and discord then will cease,
And love and everlasting peace
Reign unconfined in ev'ry place,
And form an endless union.

HYMN 12. Part 2d—7 & 6.

The way to heaven.

CALL'D to a sense of duty,
I would obey the call ;
And for the sake of Jesus,
I freely give up all ;
My former vain enjoyments,
Of pleasure, pride, and gain,
That I in Jesus' kingdom
A mansion may obtain.

2 How often have I struggled
To hold some foolish sin ;
Yet, to the heavenly kingdom
I meant to enter in ;
But now I am persuaded
That nothing else will do,
But Jesus for my portion,
And holy joys pursue.

3 Let all the world's gay beauty,
And Satan's flatt'ring bait,
With all their pride and grandeur,
Around my soul await ;
The far superior beauty
Through faith I see ahead ;
And I am bent upon it,
This holy way to tread.

4 Come, who will travel with me
The way that leads to heaven ?
And follow none but Jesus
The way which he hath given ;
And take his word for counsel,
His spirit for a guide ;
And make a full surrender
Of ev'ry thing beside ?

5 Come on, my precious brethren,
And travel on with me ;
We'll seek for *heavenly treasure*,
Until we find the sea
Of sweet, unbounded riches,
Of life, and love, and peace ;
Where beauty never withers,
And glory ne'er shall cease.

6 What though the world reproach us,
And say we're mean and poor ;
No matter what we suffer,
If we can reach the shore ;
'Twill make the glory sweeter,
And raise our praises higher ;
And we shall be completer,
When purified by fire.

HYMN 13. 2d Part--7.

*Said to have been composed by three Indians,
who were graduates at Dartmouth College, at
a favorite bower, on parting.*

WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?

Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky ;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls ;
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day ;
When around this youthful pine,
Moss shall creep, and ivy twine ;
Long may this loved bower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid ;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again.

HYMN 14. 2d Part—7.

Meeting of the three friends.

PARTED many a toil-spent year,
 Pledged in youth to mem'ry dear;
 Still, to friendship's magnet true,
 We our social bonds renew;
 Bound by love's unsever'd chain,
 Here on earth we meet again.

2 But our *bower*, sunk by decay,
 Wasting time has swept away;
 And the *youthful ever-green*,
 Lopp'd by death, no more is seen;
 Bleak the winds sweep o'er the plain,
 Where in age we meet again.

3 Many a friend we used to greet,
 Here on earth no more we meet;
 Oft the fun'ral knell has rung,
 Many a heart has sorrow stung,
 Since we parted on this plain,
 Fearful ne'er to meet again.

4 Worn by toil, and sunk with years,
 Soon we'll quit this vale of tears,
 And these hoary locks be laid,
 Low "in cold oblivion's shade;"
 But where saints and angels reign,
 We all hope to meet again.

HYMN 15. 2d Part—8 & 7

On the Gospel.

BLESSED Saviour, call'd thou me
 'To preach thy precious gospel?

Glorious beauties I do see,
Now in the precious Gospel;
Food for the hungry, drink for the dry,
Mansions for us to dwell on high!
Without the Gospel souls must die!
O! how sweet is the Gospel!

2 Well, loving Master, I will go
And preach thy blessed Gospel;
Nothing but Jesus will I know
In the glorious Gospel;
Swiftly around the tidings ring!
Sinners, repent, believe, and sing,
Glory to Christ, the living King.
O! how sweet is the Gospel.

3 Pardon for guilty sinners dear,
Bought by the blood of Jesus!
Captive souls, glad tidings hear;
Christ, the Savior, frees us;
By faith in Jesus crucified,
Souls with love are well supplied,
The Holy Spirit is our guide!
O! how sweet is the Gospel.

4 Riches unto the poor we find,
Are given by the Gospel;
Honor and pleasure of the mind,
Are treasures of the Gospel:
The Gospel exalts the Lord on high!
The Gospel prepares us all to die,
Those who believe it dwell on high!
O! how sweet is the Gospel.

- 5 Health for the sick is given free,
In the glorious Gospel;
Naked souls may clothed be
With the glorious Gospel.
In the Gospel, we behold
Mansions of love, more pure than gold;
Glorious above, it does unfold,
O! how sweet is the Gospel.
- 6 For the soul is a hiding place
Found in the blessed Gospel;
And the Savior shows his face,
In the glorious Gospel;
Smiling upon the needy soul,
The broken hearted will make whole!
Saints, sound the news from pole to pole!
O! how sweet is the Gospel.
- 7 Bounty for soldiers, armor bright,
Are given in the Gospel;
Those who receive it, all must fight
Valiantly for the Gospel.
Glorious crowns we shall receive!
For ever in Christ's kingdom live!
O! dying sinners, come, believe!
O! how sweet is the Gospel.

HYMN 16. 2d Part—11.

Light and Love by the Spirit.

O BLESSED Lord Jesus! I know thou
art mine!
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best;
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee
I'm bless'd!

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was
blind ;

Then taught me the way of salvation to find :
For when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy Spirit relieved me, and bid me "not
fear."

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals for ever must fail ;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's all on flame ;
I'm raised into rapture while praising his
name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near ;
My constant companion, O may we not part,
O glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart !

5 If ever I loved, I love thee, my Lord,
I love all thy people, thy ways, and thy word ;
With tender emotions I love sinners too,
For Jesus has died to save us from wo.

6 In Jesus confirm'd, I'll praise his dear name,
Regardless of censure, of praise, or of blame ;
When happy in Jesus I cannot forbear,
Tho' sinners despise me, his love to declare.

HYMN 17. 2d Part—5, 7 & 9.

SAW ye my Savior? saw ye my Savior?
Saw ye my Savior, the Lord?

Oh! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to cleanse us from sin by his blood.

2 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the sun refused to shine,
When his Majesty Divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

3 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified God's dear Son.

4 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the arm,
And enshroud'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

5 Hail mighty Savior! hail mighty Savior!
Prince and the Author of Peace;
O! he burst the bars of death,
And triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

6 Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live;
"O, forgive them," then he cried,
Saying, "Father, I have died
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive."

7 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe;

Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

HYMN 18. 2d Part—8 & 7.

My soul's Experience.

I'LL sing a song which doth belong
To all the people round me ;
I'll spread the fame of Jesus' name,
And tell how Jesus found me.
'Twas in distress and wickedness,
These words he spake unto me :
"O sinner come, in me there's room ;"
O how these words ran through me !

2 I was like Paul, who was call'd Saul,
In bitter persecution :
I did disdain being born again,
I call'd it a delusion.
I fought the saints without restraint,
Too proud to cry for mercy ;
Conviction strong did come along ;
O how these things did pierce me !

3 I did not know which way to go,
My sins were like a mountain :
And fill'd with wo, the tears did flow,
My head was like a fountain.
I thought I'd been so long in sin,
I could not be forgiven ;
'Then Jesus came, O bless his name !
And fill'd my soul with heaven.

4 I raised my voice, and did rejoice,
 Sang glory, glory, glory ;
 Then I did learn Jesus was mine ;
 O what a pleasing story !
 I love the Lord, I love his word,
 I love all those around me ;
 Then, brethren dear, don't it appear,
 That Jesus Christ has found me ?

HYMN 19, 2d Part—7 & 6.

The young convert.

WHEN souls are first converted,
 They mount on wings above ;
 The world thinks they're distracted,
 Because they're fill'd with love.
 They fly from ev'ry evil,
 They trust in God alone ;
 They long to get to heaven,
 Their most desired home.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
 Beset them on each hand ;
 Bestrew their path with evil,
 To bar them from that land.
 But Jesus still invites them,
 Saying : " Follow, follow me ;
 And I will fight your battles,
 And gain your liberty."

4 " O why are you dismayed ?"
 'Tis thus the Savior cries ;
 " While some are getting ready,
 And just a going to rise ;

To rise above triumphant
In the bright world of joy,
Where all things are rejoicing,
There's nothing to annoy.

4 In hopes of that bright morning,
When all my sorrows end ;
When we arrive at heaven,
No more to part with friends.
I'll try to live a Christian,
While here on earth I stay ;
I'll watch and I'll be sober,
I'll watch and try to pray.

5 Then with the shining millions,
Immortal we shall rise,
And soar aloft to Jêsus,
And reign above the skies.
Then sweet immortal anthems
Our golden harps employ,
And solace in the ocean
Of everlasting joy.

HYMN 20. Part 2d—8 & 7.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's probation given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true as heaven.

2 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light us on the way ;
There's nothing bright as heaven.

3 And false the light in glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even ;
 And genius' bud and beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb ;
 There's nothing rich as heaven.

4 And where's the hand held out to cheer
 The heart with anguish riven ?
 For sorrow's sigh, and trouble's tear,
 Have never found a refuge here ;
 There's nothing kind as heaven.

5 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
 Without their sins forgiven :
 True pleasure, everlasting peace,
 Are only found in God's free grace ;
 There's nothing good as heaven.

6 From those who walk in wisdom's way,
 Corroding fears are driven ;
 They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
 Enjoy communion with their God,
 And find their way to heaven.

HYMN 21. Part 2d—8 & 6.

Reformation.

WHEN Christ pours out a heavenly sound,
 In reformation all around,
 The saints begin to cry
 Most fervently to God in pray'r,
 And to the sinner to give ear,
 To turn to Christ or die.

2 The watchmen, too, lift up their voice,
Sinners begin to hear the noise,
And tremble at the sound ;
They stop, and think, repent and mourn,
And unto Jesus Christ return,
And find his grace abound.

3 While saints praise God, and give him thanks
New soldiers fill the heavenly ranks,
They all unite, and say,
“ We are determined now to stand,
And fight for Christ with sword in hand,
While on this earth we stay.”

4 Let all the soldiers who enlist,
Be valiant here, for Jesus Christ,
And they will overcome ;
For there's such power in Jesus' name,
That not one soldier can be slain,
So long as he fights on.

HYMN 22. Part 2d—3 & 7.

The friend indeed.

ONE there is above all others,
Who deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Those who do his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which, of earthly friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to save us,

Reconciled unto God :

This is boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a friend in need.

- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners, was his name ;
Now, above all creatures raised,
Unto us he is the same ;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

HYMN 23. Part 2d—C. M.

The Christian Soldier.

- H**ARK ! listen to the trumpeteers,
They call for volunteers ;
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,
Behold their officers :
Their garments white, their armor bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.
- 2 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier for to be ;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty—
We want no cowards in our band,
Who will their colors fly ;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.
- 3 To see their armies on parade,
How martial they appear ;
All armed and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.

They follow their great General,
The great all-conq'ring King,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

4 Lift up your hearts, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh ;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes both earth and sky.
In fiery chariots we shall ride,
And leave this world on fire,
And all surround the glorious throne,
And join the heavenly choir.

HYMN 24. Part 2d—L. M.

Invitation to Youth.

YOUNG people all, attention give,
While I address you in God's name ;
You who in sin and folly 'live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.
I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,
And ranged the 'luring scenes of vice ;
But never knew substantial joys,
Till I obey'd my Savior's voice.

2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And wash'd my load of guilt away ;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
And now, with trembling sense, I view
Huge billows roll beneath your feet ;
For death and judgment wait for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

- 3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time, or conqu'ring death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks,
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4 Ye heedless ones that widely stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where darkness reigns, and vapors roll
In solemn silence round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 5 In judgment soon your doom you'll wait,
With awful trembling there you'll stand,
The angels gather all the saints,
And place them safe at Christ's right hand,
The burning lake will be disclosed,
Satan be bound and cast therein,
With all who slight God's counsel here,
And cleave to worldly lusts and sin.
- 6 O! careless youth this is the state
Of all, who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 25. Part 2d—7 & 6.

The Jubilee.

ONE night as I lay musing,
The Spirit said to me,
Go, blow the gospel trumpet,
Go, sound the Jubilee ;
Go, tell them I am risen,
And death you need not fear ;
Go, sound the welcome summons,
Be my sweet messenger.

2 The harvest fields are rip'ning,
And laborers are few,
And Zion she doth languish,
And shepherds, where are you ;
His blood will cry against you,
If idle you should be ;
You see the sword is coming,
Go, sound the Jubilee.

3 Come all my Father's children,
Whom Christ has taught the way ;
Why stand ye here so idle,
And wasting all the day ?
Remember some are teaching,
While others preach and pray ;
Go, labor in the vineyard,
From Jesus never stray.

4 Come, brethren dear, and sisters,
Although a little band,
The vict'ry I'll assure you,
Stand fast with sword in hand ;

Then wield your sword with pleasure,
The battle goes aright ;
When Israel gain'd the victory,
He fought with faith and might.

5 Come, all ye sons of vanity,
Who lie exposed to death,
Who've listed under Pharaoh,
That wicked king beneath ;
Although you serve with vigor,
He cannot set you free,
Then hearken to the gospel,
That sounds the Jubilee.

6 How beautiful the garments,
The bride of Christ doth wear ;
He offers her rich presents,
And crowns her as his heir :
He decks her with rich jewels,
And crowns her with his love ;
And by his mighty power,
Will carry her above.

7 I'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness care and pain,
And mount aloft to Jesus,
For ever there to reign.
I'll join to sing his praises,
Above th' ethereal blue,
And then, poor careless sinner,
What will become of you ?

HYMN 26, Part 2d—7 & 6.

The convert's song.

THE glorious light of Zion
Is spreading far and wide,
And sinners they are coming
Into the gospel tide ;
The standard of King Jesus
In glorious triumph raise,
And sinners they are coming
With joy and sweet surprise.

2 The sufferings of our Savior
Upon mount Calvary,
Are sounding sweet to sinners,
Come, this will set you free ;
And while this glorious message
Is circulating round,
Some souls exposed to ruin
Redeeming grace have found.

3 And of this happy number
I hope that I am one,
And Jesus he will finish
The work he has begun !
He'll cut it short in righteousness,
And I for ever be
A monument of mercy
To all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert,
Who lately did enlist,
A soldièr unto Jesus,
Our Captain, King, and Priest :
I have received my bounty,

Likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favor,
A robe of righteousness.

5 'Tis down unto the water
That we young converts go,
To serve our Lord and Master
In righteous acts below ;
We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
In likeness of our Savior,
As he lay in his grave.

6 Come all my elder brethren,
Who're soldiers of the cross,
Who, for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things dross ;
Come pray for us young converts,
That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory,
Where our Redeemer's gone.

HYMN 27. Part 2d—8 & 7.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship,
And adore the Lord our God,
Will you pray in faith with fervor,
While we strive to preach the word ?
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down ;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

2 Brethren, don't you see poor sinners
Slumb'ring on the brink of wo ;

Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to see them go?
There are fathers, there are mothers,
And their children sinking down, &c.

3 Brethren, there's the poor backslider,
Who was once near heaven's door;
But, alas! he's sold his Savior,
And is worse than e'er before;
But the Savior proffers pardon,
If he will repent and turn, &c.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us?
(Moses' sister helped him;)
Will you seek the trembling mourner,
Who is lab'ring hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Savior,
Tell them that he will be found:
Sisters, &c.

5 Let us love our Lord supremely;
Let us love each other too;
Let us strengthen one another,
Till our Lord makes all things new,
And when we get home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

HYMN 28. Part 2d—7 & 8.

COME, all ye sons of Zion,
Who are waiting for salvation,
Have your lamps trimm'd and burning,
For behold the proclamation—

Saying: "All things now are ready
For the poor and for the needy;
All my fatlings now are killed,
And prepared on the table."

2 Arise, and get ready,
Hasten to the marriage supper,
While the Bridegroom is calling,
And while poor sinners are falling.
See the Lord of life descending
And the judgment trumpet sounding,
For to gather all the nations
To the final Judgment Day.

3 O! what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And all tribulation ended,
And the spotless robe prepared
For the bride to be adorned,
In the jasper wall be crowned,
Saying, "Worthy is the Lamb"
In the New Jerusalem.

5 O! sinners, don't be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting:
Come and join the happy army,
And there's nothing that will harm you.
If you follow Christ the Savior,
And break off your bad behavior,
And repent and be converted,
You may sing his praises too.

HYMN 29. Part 2d—C. M.

New-born Christian

WHAT strange desire is this I feel,
That lifts my soul above ?
Such heavenly joy and holy zeal,
And such inflaming love !
Sure nature wears a lovelier face—
It never look'd so sweet ;
I see a new and nameless grace
In every thing I meet !

2 The landscape smiles as Eden fair,
How sweet the tuneful grove !
Ten thousand charms in earth and air,
And ev'ry charm is *love*.
What throbs of tender sympathy
My bosom does distend !
In ev'ry human face I see
A brother and a friend.

3 But O ! through all this smiling scene,
Of friends, and fields, and flowers,
I trace, methinks, a heav'nly mind ;
A more than mortal powers.
O'er all I gaze, and with delight,
But still my longing eye
Turns upward to a nobler sight
Beyond this lower sky—

4 O BLESSED SAVIOR ! BLESSED LORD !
What language can express
How much I prize thy *precious blood*,
And *perfect righteousness* ?
This is the sweetest charm I feel,

Which carries me above ;
That fills with joy and fires with zeal,
And sweetens all with *love*.

HYMN 30. Part 2d—5 & 6.

The happy Saints.

O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er.

2 A city I've found,
Where true joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determined
On this happy ground.

3 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Savior,
And bless the glad day.

4 No mortal doth know
What Christ can bestow ;
What light, strength, and comfort
Go after him, go.

5 Lo, onward I move
To a city above,
None knowing how wondrous
My journey will prove.

6 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
Mid outward afflictions
Shall feel Christ within.

7 And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus doth love me,
I cannot tell why.

8 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory
And leave me behind.

HYMN 31. Part 2d—8 & 7.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, with wonder gaze,
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Fill the world with joy and praise.

3 May the glorious day, approaching
From Egyptian darkness, dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy Holy name,
All the borders
Of the great Emmanuel's land.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Savior,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting, wide dominion

Multiply, and still increase ;
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

HYMN 32, Part 2d—C. M.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear :
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
The turning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold ! he prays ! "

6 In prayer, on earth the saints are one ;
They're one in word and mind,
When, with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

HYMN 33. Part 2d—L. M.

The Throne of Grace.

THERE is in heaven a mercy-seat,
The guilty sinner's safe retreat,
And poor backsliders vile and base,
Find shelter at the Throne of Grace.

2 Here pard'ning mercy, rich and free,
Bestow'd on wretched men like me!
Through all its streams we sweetly trace,
When prostrate at the Throne of Grace.

3 Here saints their heavenly Father meet,
And bow and worship at his feet,
And view his reconciled face
Forth beaming from the Throne of Grace.

4 Here wrestling souls find peace and rest,
Reclining on their Savior's breast,
Gain strength to run the heavenly race,
And victory at the throne of Grace.

5 Before the Lord, my soul, appear
And live in constant, humble prayer;
And safe in thy prepared place
We'll praise him for a Throne of Grace.

HYMN 34. Part 2d—8 & 7.

GLORY to God that I have found
The pearl of my salvation!

We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
Up to our heavenly station,
And I'm resolved to follow on,
And never to forsake him.
But always keep the narrow way,
Till I do overtake him.

2 "Fear not," said he, "ye little flock,
Ye're of immortal glory;
For ye are built upon the Rock,
And the kingdom lies before you.
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of bliss,
And tell the pleasing story,
I'm with my little flock always,
And I'll bring them home to glory."

HYMN 35. Part 2d—C. M.

The word of God the only rule for Christians.

THY word, O Lord, directs the saints,
The path that leads to heaven;
Revives the soul that almost faints,
And shows their sins forgiven.

2 It shines on Error's gloomy night,
Removes the mists away,
And sheds the beams of heavenly light,
Creates the rising day.

3 There shines the richest grace display'd,
Descending through thy Son;
It is a firm foundation, laid,
To build our faith upon.

- 4 It is the *standard* which we bear,
The *rule* we would obey ;
We find the truth of Jesus there ;
“ The new and living way.”
- 5 'Tis *there* we find the Christian name ;
We *there* unite in love ;
The Lord our King, we all proclaim,
Who rules the worlds above.
- 6 With thanks, my soul, this plan embrace,
Where rising glories dwell ;
And as ye run the heavenly race,
His praises ever swell.

HYMN 36. Part 2d—C. M.

The loveliness of brethren dwelling in unity.

- WHEN Christians all in friendship meet,
And in their Lord agree ;
They feel the love of Jesus sweet,
In bonds of unity.
- 2 They then forget their party zeal,
And all divisions cease ;
The law of God they would fulfil,
And ever dwell in peace.
- 3 Like lambs or doves, they peaceful rest,
And no contentions there ;
And all of Jesus' mind possess,
His lovely image bear.
- 4 O could we see them joined in one
How would our rapture rise ;
We would proclaim, the work is done,
And dry our weeping eyes.

5 O Lord, send down thy heavenly love ;
Give every soul the flame ;
And all professions quickly move
To union in thy name.

HYMN 37. Part 2d—L. M.

An exhortation to proclaim Christian union.

YE saints of God, of every name
Unite your songs, the Lord proclaim—
Extol him high—take him for King,
And make the trump of union ring.

2 Let human rules be all forgot,
And take the word which changes not ;
Submit to God—salvation sing,
And let the trump of union ring.

3 Lay down your strife and party zeal,
The law of love let all fulfil ;
To Jesus now your honors bring,
And let the trump of union ring.

4 Forsake your pride—the Lord adore,
And boast your party name no more ;
Let humble love and peace abound,
And make the trump of union sound.

5 God's church is free, his church is one,
Give up your strife, the work's begun,
Aloud proclaim, the truth is found,
And let the trump of union sound.

6 We call thee, Lord, thou art the way,
Thou art our light, our brilliant day ;
We feel the life, with joy profound
We will the trump of union sound.

HYMN 38. Part 2d—C. M.

Light shining out of darkness.

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in th' unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his righteous will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are fill'd with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 39. Part 2d—L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens, (a shining frame !)
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid the radiant orbs be found ;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 40. Part 2d—C. M.

The excellency and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;

Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast ;

Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;

And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;

Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

HYMN 41. Part 2d—L. M.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"

He has engaged by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
 And if the conflict should be long,
 The Lord will make the tempter flee :
 For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
 Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty,—
 Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

HYMN 42. Part 2d—8 & 7.

The Bible.

PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford !
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword :
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this, I need no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Though it fills, it never cloy.
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed !

3 When my soul is faint and sickly,
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing med'cines here I find.
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
 Satan cannot make me yield;
 For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield
 While the scripture truth is sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
 When I take the Spirit's sword;
 Then with ease I drive him from me,
 Satan trembles at the word.
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,
 Keen the edge, and sharp the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
 Doating on his golden store?
 Sure, I am (or should be) wiser,
 I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
 Jesus gives me, in his word,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

HYMN 43. Part 2d—11s.

Precious promises.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;

What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I now am thy God, and will still give thee aid,
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age all my people shall
prove
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;

That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

HYMN 44. Part 2d—S. M.

God's word most excellent.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way !
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight

3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just ;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,

Accept the worship and the song,
My Savior, and my God.

HYMN 45. Part 2d—C. M.

The goodness of God.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN 46. Part 2d—L. M.

The loving-kindness of the Lord.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;

He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free !

2 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong !

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good !

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 47. Part 2d—11 & 5.

“ The Lord is good.”

GOOD is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and
thunder ;
Mercies and judgments both proceed from
kindness,
Infinite kindness.

- 2 Infinite goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealing;
Never repining, but for ever praising,
God our Creator.
- 3 Well may we praise him, all his ways are
perfect,
Though a resplendence infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre.
- 4 Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.
- 5 Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master,
I will commit all that I have or wish for:
Sweetly as babes sleep, will I give my life up,
When call'd to yield it.
- 6 Then, death, I'll dare thee clad in all thy
horrors,
Christ my Redeemer will be thy destruction;
I shall be raised from thy gloomy mansion,
Praising for ever.
- 7 O then exult that God for ever reigneth;
Clouds which surround him hinder our per-
ception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises.

HYMN 48. Part 2d—C. M.

Resignation.

SINCE all the downward tracks of time
God's watchful eye surveys,

- O who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways.
- 2 Assured of his wondrous love,
Unmeasurably kind,
To his unerring gracious will
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.
- 3 Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;
E'en crosses, from his friendly hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name :
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.
- 5 Thy saints, while ages roll away,
In endless fame survive ;
Their glories o'er the wrecks of time
Greatly triumphant live.

HYMN 49. Part 2d—11s.

The birth of the Savior.

AS shepherds in Jewry were guarding their
sheep,
Promisc'ously seated, estranged from sleep,
An angel from heaven presented to sight,
And thus he accosted the watchers by night :
Dismiss all your sorrows and banish your fears,
For Jesus your Savior in Jewry appears.

2 Though Adam the first in rebellion was found ;
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground ;

Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve
The loss you sustain'd by the Devil and Eve.
Then shepherds, be tranquil ; this instant arise,
Go visit your Savior and see where he lies.

3 A token I leave you, whereby you may find,
This heavenly stranger, this friend to mankind ;
A manger's his cradle, a stall his abode,
Thus meekly appears your Savior and Lord.
Then, shepherds, be humble, be meek, and lie
low,

For Jesus, your Savior's abundantly so.

4 This wonderful story no sooner they hear,
Than thousands of angels in glory appear ;
They join in the concert, and this was the theme,
All glory to God, and good-will towards men,
Then, shepherds, strike in, join your voice to
the choir,

And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

5 Hosanna ! the angels in ecstacy cry,
Hosanna ! the wondering shepherds reply ;
Salvation, redemption, are centred in one,
All glory to God for the birth of his Son.

Then, shepherds, adieu, we commend you to
God,

Go visit the Son in his humble abode.

6 To Bethlehem's city the shepherds repair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had heard ;
They enter'd the stable with aspect so mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and child.
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That both Jews and Gentiles may hear of the
Lord.

HYMN 50. Part 2d—P. M.

FROM the regions of love,
Lo! an angel descended,
And told the strange news,
How the babe was attended:
Go, shepherds, and visit
This wonderful stranger,
With wonder and joy,
See your Christ in the manger.

Chorus.—Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Through whom we have pardon,
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring
To you and each nation;
Glad tidings of joy,
Now behold your salvation;
The heavenly host
Unite their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer
While heaven rejoices.

3 Now glory to God
In the highest is given;
Now glory to God
Is re-echo'd through heaven.
Around the whole earth
Let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love,
His salvation and glory.

4 **E**nraptured I rise
With delight and desire,
Such love, so divine,

Sets my soul all on fire ;
 Around the bright throne
 Hosannas are ringing ;
 O when shall I join them,
 And ever be singing !

5 Triumphantly ride
 In thy chariot victorious,
 And conquer with love ;
 O Jesus all-glorious !
 Thy banner unfurl,
 Let the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Savior,
 Their King, and Defender.

HYMN 51. L. M.

Communion.

WE praise the Lord for heavenly bread,
 With which his favor'd sons are fed ;
 We praise thee for that heavenly feast,
 Which Jesus with delight could taste.

2 So let us live, sustain'd by grace,
 Regaled with fruits of righteousness ;
 Enter our hearts, all-gracious Lord,
 And sup with us, and deck thy board.

3 Devotion, faith, and zealous love,
 And hope that bears the soul above,
 Be these our dainties, till we rise,
 And taste the joys of paradise.

HYMN 51.—7 & 6.

Missionary hymn.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains
 From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, and Savior,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 52. Part 2d—C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heav'nly light,
The wondrous scene unfurl'd.

3 Hark the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

4 O for a glance of heav'nly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise ;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays !

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high ;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

6 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail !
Redeemer, brother, friend !
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 53. Part 2d—8s.

What think ye of Christ ?

WHAT think ye of Christ ? is the test
To try both your state and your
scheme,

You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him,
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most ;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost :
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I could not confide in his word,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I could call him my Lord.

3 Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say he's the fountain of joys ;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys ;
Like Judas, the Savior they kiss,
And while they salute him, betray :
Ah ! what will profession like this,
Avail in that terrible day ?

4 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,
Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store ;
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Savior from sin and from thrall ;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

HYMN 54. Part 2d—C. M.

The coronation of Christ.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wornwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall;
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 55. Part 2d—11 & 8.

The glory of Christ.

- O** THOU in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night;
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy
sheep,
To feed in the pastures of love;
Say why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they
And smile at the tears I have shed. [see,
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you
The star that on Israel shone? [seen
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?
- 5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the
When autumn with plenty is crown'd. [vine,
- 6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams;
On his cheek does the beauty of excellence
glow,
And his eyes as the sun's radiant beams.

- 7 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard **through** the shadow of **death**;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace; [know,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 9 Love sits on his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And praise him with fulness of joy.
- 10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels re-
And myriads wait for his word; [joice,
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

HYMN 56. Part 2d—S. M.

On the name of Jesus.

- J**ESUS, we love thy name,
And thee we will adore;
And when we feel this heav'nly flame,
We long to love thee more.
- 2 Thy name is all our trust;
Thy name is solid peace;
Thy name is everlasting rest,
When other names shall cease.
- 3 There, ravish'd with thy name,
We never more shall rove;

There, sound thine everlasting fame,
And solace as thy love.

4 Thy name shall be our praise ;
Thy name shall be our joy ;
Thy name, through everlasting days,
Shall countless throngs employ.

HYMN 57. Part 2d—L. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head.

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives and grants me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to crush the powers of hell,
He lives that he may in me dwell,
He lives to heal and make me whole,
He lives to guard my feeble soul.

5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stoop, and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

6 He lives, my kind and heavenly friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives, I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

7 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare
He lives to bring me safely there.

8 He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

HYMN 58. Part 2d—C. M.

The name of Christ.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;

My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;

My lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 59. Part 2d—C. M.

Pearl of great price.

- Y**E glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu !
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all-divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense ;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense.
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure, meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd ;

I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.

6 Dear portion of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN 60. Part 2d—S. M.

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ.

JESUS, the conq'ror reigns,
In glorious strength array'd ;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his cross.

HYMN 61. Part 2d—C. M.

The Prince of Peace.

LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Savior's grace ;
Let saints in heaven proclaim his praise,
And crown him "Prince of peace."

2 Praise him who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race ;
Praise him, who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And crown him "Prince of peace."

3 Come, rebels, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease ;
Emmanuel for your Savior own,
And crown him "Prince of peace."

4 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
To view his lovely face ;
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him "Prince of peace."

HYMN 62. Part 2d—9 & 6.

THROUGHOUT our Savior's life we trace
Nothing but shame and deep disgrace ;
No period else was seen,
Till he the spotless victim, fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caused by the creature's sin.

2 On the cold ground, methinks I see
My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;
For this, I him adore ;

Seized with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood-drops did force their passage out
Through ev'ry op'ning pore.

3 A crown of thorns, his temple bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see !
Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tear,
Press'd by the heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game ;
At length his cross they rear :
And can you hear the son of God
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load
Without one thankful tear ?

5 Thus bearing our iniquity,
He dies with anguish on the tree ;
What tongue his grief can tell ?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The morning sun refused to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.

6 Shout, brethren, shout, with songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst ;
Seraphs, advance your voices higher,
Bride of the lamb, unite the choir,
To praise your precious Christ.

HYMN 63. Part 2d—6 & 8.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,

The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Savior stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede ;
With his redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood was spilt for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one ;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son ;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father ! cry.

HYMN 64. Part 2d—7.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey,
See ! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Savior, angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now, to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride ;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres ;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captured hell ;
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ?

HYMN 65. Part 2d—C. M.

Hope of the Resurrection.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The father of our Lord ;

- Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised the Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our God's appointments be,
That we should turn to dust ;
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
So all his foll'wers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith, as strangers here
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 66. Part 2d—C. M.

The Church established.

- THE Lord in Zion placed his name,
His ark was settled there ;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.
- 2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad ;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

- 3 Arise, O king of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest ;
Lo ! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bless'd.
- 4 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 5 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here, let the praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

HYMN 67. Part 2d—C. D. M.

*The thousand years of Christ's reign ; or the
new Jubilee.*

- W**HAT sound is this salutes my ear ?
'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,
Th' expected day is come ;
Behold the heaven, the earth, the sea,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
Return, ye exiles, home.
- 2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear ;
Fair Zion's rising from the tomb,
To meet the bridegroom now he's come,
Which hails the Jubile year.
- 3 My soul is striving to be there,
I long to rise and wing the air,

And trace the sacred road ;
 Adieu ! adieu ! all mortal things,
 O ! that I had an angel's wings,
 I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, gracious moments, fly, O fly !
 I thirst, I pant, I long, I try,
 Angelic joys to prove ;
 Soon I shall quit this house of clay,
 Clap my glad wings and soar away,
 And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 68. Part 2d—H. M.

The Christian Church.

ALTHOUGH despised by men,
 A little feeble band,
 Protection we obtain
 From the Redeemer's hand.
 Though oft our foes would us devour,
 We stand upheld by Jesus' power.

2 While on him we depend,
 And truly fear his name,
 He'll prove a faithful friend,
 And ne'er put us to shame.
 He'll guard us safe through all the way,
 To the fair climes of endless day.

3 Our shepherd leads us on,
 While we obey his voice ;
 He guides us to his throne,
 And in him we'll rejoice ;
 Though strait the way, we need not fear,
 If to the end we persevere.

4 Christ is our leader call'd,
The Christian's name we bear,
This name we will extol,
While in his grace we share :
All party names we will disdain,
The glorious name of Christ maintain.

5 His doctrine too we'll prize,
This, as our rule observe,
It is our only guide,
Therefore we must not swerve ;
This doctrine will arise on high,
When all the works of men shall die.

6 Ourselves we must deny,
And daily take our cross ;
From ev'ry evil fly,
Or we shall suffer loss.
Till vict'ry we completely win,
We will maintain the war with sin.

7 Lord, when our hearts shall fail,
And earthly comforts die,
May thy rich grace prevail,
And bear our souls on high ;
There, while our glowing love shall flame,
Our deathless tongues shall praise thy name.

HYMN 69. Part 2d—C. M.

Salvation.

SALVATION ! oh, the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But now arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs !
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 70. Part 2d—C. M.

The Jubilee.

- W**HAT heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free !
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All round from sea to sea ;
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the Jubilee.
- 3 Good news, good news, to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree,
To sing redeeming love and grace ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,

And bids them welcome home to peace,
This is the Jubilee.

5 Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return, and come
Unto the Savior free ;
The Spirit bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony ;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

HYMN 71. Part 2d—C. M.

The true penitent.

HARK ! hear the sound on earth is found,
My soul delights to hear,
Of dying love that's from above,
Of pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers, like flames of fire,
Are passing through the land ;
The voice is, hear, repent, and fear,
King Jesus is at hand.

3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
They're mounted on the truth ;
The saints in prayer, cry, Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.

- 4 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name ;
While older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.
- 5 God grants a shower of saving power,
On every aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.
- 6 Come lovely youth, embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord ;
And use your tongues, while you are young,
In praising Christ the Lord.

HYMN 72. Part 2d—C. M.

The gospel feast.

- ON Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare ;
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows ;
Wine on the lees, and well refined,
In rich abundance flows.
- 3 See to the vilest of the vile,
A free acceptance given ;
See rebels by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven.
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying now
To ease and health restored,

With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven.

6 There joys immeasurably high,
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

HYMN 73. Part 2d—L. M.

Freedom of the human will.

KNOW then that every soul is free
To choose his life, and what he'll be ;
For this eternal truth has given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

2 Freedom and reason make us men ;
Take these away, what are we then ?
Mere animals, and just as well
The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

3 May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose ;
Our God is pleased when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.

4 Those that despise grow harder still ;
Those that adhere he turns their will ;
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.

5 But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode,
Our God is clear, and we shall know
We've plunged ourselves in hopeless wo.

HYMN 74. Part 2d—H. M.

The year of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound ;
The year of Jubilee is come :
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Savior's face ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 75. Part 2d—S. M.

Salvation by grace, from first to last.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !

Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 76. Part 2d—S. M.

Love to the saints.

I LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from ev'ry sin.

2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err ;
How do I prize their faithful love !
Their kind and tender care.

3 They Jesus' image bear ;
How lovely is the sight ;
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will ;
They humbly follow Christ the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die ;
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here ;
But how divine will be the joy,
To see each other there.

HYMN 77. Part 2d—C. M.

Faith's review and expectation.

AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed !

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;

He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who owns me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

HYMN 78. Part 2d—S. M.

Heavenly joy on earth.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place :
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those return and sing,
Who never knew our God ;
For fav'rites of the heavenly King,
Should speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

- 5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.
- 7 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 8 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

HYMN 79. Part 2d—S. M.

Love to the brethren.

BLESS'D be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;

And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN 80. Part 2d—L. M.

*These things I command you, that ye love one
another.*

A M I indeed born from above?
Do I partake of Jesus' love?
Then let me all my duty know,
And love by my obedience show.

2 Fain would I love his person more,
And God in all his works adore;
O may his love my heart inflame,
With love to all who love his name.

3 Wherever I his image see,
O let those souls be dear to me;
Dear as the purchase of his blood,
Dear as the favorites of God.

4 Jesus to us his love doth show,
And bids us love each other too ;
But O how little love sincere,
Is found in great professors here.

5 What anger, pride, and malice swell
Those breasts where love alone should dwell ;
O why should Satan thus devour
Religion's glory and its power !

6 Come, heavenly Spirit, from above,
And fill our inmost hearts with love ;
That we may say to all mankind,
See how those love whom Christ has join'd.

HYMN 81. Part 2d—7 & 6.

The good Physician.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared to sin ;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
(How matchless is his grace!)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case.
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bade me look unto him;
I look'd and I was heal'd.

5 A risen living Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look, and live.

HYMN 82. Part 2d—L. M.

Blind Bartimeus.

MERCY, O, thou Son of David!
Thus Bartimeus loudly pray'd;
Many by thy grace are saved,
O wilt thou vouchsafe thine aid.

- 2 For his crying, many chid him,
But he cried the louder still,
Till his gracious Savior bade him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live ;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms, which none but Christ could give .
- 4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Turn my darkness into day ;"
Straight he saw, and drawn by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around :
"Friends, is not my case amazing ?
What a Sàvior I have found !"
- 6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me ;
Surely they would come unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

HYMN 83. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Grateful recollection.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Blessed mount, O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy grace I'm come ;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 5 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be ;
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring soul to thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God of love :
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 84. Part 2d—C. M.

Reign of Christ.

- H**ASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone ;
And all the nations of the world
Shall bow before thy throne.
- 2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
Press to the gospel sound ;
And grace eternal sweetly shine,
To ravish all around.
- 3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb
Raise the dear cross on high ;
And from a clear refulgent light,
Shall all see eye to eye.

- 4 Now shall the glorious gospel fly
To sound the Savior forth ;
And faith, and love, and joys divine,
Shall run through all the earth.
- 5 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
And peace immortal flow ;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.
- 6 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray
Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

HYMN 85. Part 2d—C. M.

The rich provision of the gospel.

- J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow ;
It's not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.
- 4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room ;
For rebels such as you.

- 5 His doctrine is almighty love;
 There's virtue in his name,
 To turn a raven to a dove,
 The lion to a lamb.
- 6 O could we raise a song of praise,
 Half equal to his love,
 The heav'ns would ring while we should
 sing
 Through all the courts above.

HYMN 86. Part 2d—C. M.

Our only comfort.

- S**UBSTANTIAL comfort will not grow
 In nature's barren soil;
 All we can boast till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
 And made his glories known,
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
 Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Savior, seen by faith,
 A sense of pard'ning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Gives joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil;
 To know that God is mine,
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable! divine!
- 5 These are the joys that satisfy
 And sanctify the mind;
 That make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
 But if you are the Lord's,
 Resign to them who know him not,
 Such joys as earth affords.

HYMN 87. Part 2d—C. M.

The world crucified.

LET worldly minds the world pursue ;
 What are its charms to me ?

Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
 No more content afford ;

Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
 The stars are all conceal'd ;

So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures, no more divide my choice !
 I bid you all depart !

His name, and love, and gracious voice
 Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee ;

But may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me ?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will,

For if thou hadst not loved me first,
 I had refused thee still.

HYMN 88. Part 2d—C. P. M.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me !

2 Stronger is love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light,
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine !
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better part !

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

5 O that I could with favor'd John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast :
From care, and sin, and sorrow free ;
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee,
My everlasting rest !

HYMN 89. Part 2d—8 & 7.

The Missionary's farewell.

YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connexions, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Must I leave you, can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger's heart can tell;
Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I, must I, say farewell?
Must I leave thee, can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and sabbath-bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell!
Must I leave you, can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee, pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell

How he died, the blessed Savior,
 To redeem a world from hell.
 Let me hasten, let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
 Let the winds the canvass swell :
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell.
 Glad I leave thee, glad I leave thee,
 Native land, farewell, farewell.

HYMN 90. Part 2d—L. M.

Come, see a man.

JESUS, dear Lord, we bless his name,
 And joyful sing his glorious fame ;
 He wrought salvation's wondrous plan :
 Come, sinners, *come, and see the man.*

2 He kindly calls the sin-sick soul,
 Heals all his wounds, and makes him whole ;
 He saves, and none beside him can ;
 Come, sinners, *come, and see the man.*

3 He tells them all things they have done,
 Shows them what dreadful lengths they've
 run ;
 Has he in you this work began ?
 Dear souls, then *come, and see the man.*

4 Bow to the sceptre of the Lord,
 Trust in his name, receive his word ;

Though in your sins you long have ran,
There yet is hope! *come, see the man.*

5 Thus, Jesus, when at Jacob's well,
Did to the woman all things tell;
Smit with his love, at once she ran,
And others call'd, *come, see the man.*

6 Gladly she told to all around
What a dear Jesus she had found,
And straight to preach his love began;
Sure this is Christ, *come, see the man.*

HYMN 91. Part 2d—11s.

The Supper.

A FOUNTAIN in Jesus, which runs always
free,
For washing and cleansing such sinners as
we;
Our sins, though like crimson, made white as
the wool,
No lack in the fountain, it always is full.

2 All things are now ready, he invites us to
come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son:
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may re-
A living for ever, if we will believe. [ceive,

3 The guests which were bidden refused the
call,
For they were not ready, nor willing at all,
To be stripp'd of their honor, and part with
their store, [poor.
For a feast that was given and made for the

- 5 O come and with his children taste,
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore :
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 93. Part 2d—P. M.

Come and welcome to Christ Jesus.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power :
He is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh :
Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and torn by sin and thrall
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 View him grov'ling in the garden,
Lo, your Savior prostrate lies!

On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,

"It is finish'd, it is finish'd:"

Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo, the Son of God, ascended,
Pleads the virtue of his blood;

Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;

None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,

While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;

Hallelujah, hallelujah,

Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 94. Part 2d—C. M.

Christ inviting sinners to his grace.

AMAZING sight! the Savior stands
And knocks at ev'ry door;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
For to supply the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring poor souls to rest;
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be for ever bless'd.

- 3 "Will you despise such bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me for ever dwell?
- 4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make a wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?
- 5 "Will you go down to endless night,
And be for ever slain?
Or dwell in everlasting light,
Where I in glory reign?
- 6 "Come now, dear soul, before I go,
While I am passing by,
Say, will you bow to me, or no?
Say, will you live, or die?"

HYMN 95. Part 2d—C. M.

Room at the gospel feast.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come,
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

- 4 Millions of souls in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come ;
 Nor could the whole assembled world
 O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

HYMN 96. Part 2d—L. M.

- COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is to all ;
 Come, all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
 All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
 Ye restless wand'ers after rest ;
 Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive :
 Ye all may come to Christ and live ;
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain !
- 5 His love is mighty to compel ;
 His conq'ring love consents to feel ;

Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.
6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace !
7 This is the time, no more delay !
This is the acceptable day ;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him that died for all !

HYMN 97. Part 2d—S. M.

Fruitless fig-tree.

HERE stands a barren tree,
That's cumber'd long the ground ;
Though many branches on it be,
No fruit is on it found.
2 Deceitful here it grows,
Encircled all around
With many leaves, and thousand blows ;
But still no fruit is found.
3 Oft has the husbandman
Been digging it around,
And pruned it with a gentle hand ;
But still no fruit is found.
4 And when he did appear
To cut this barren down,
He spared it another year ;
But still no fruit was found.
5 The husbandman doth say ;
" Why cumpers it the ground ?

Henceforth fruit shall not grow on thee,
For I will cut thee down !”

6 Kind husbandman, draw near,
Nor yet upon it frown ;
But spare it still another year,
Till fruit thereon is found.

7 Ye barren trees, prepare
To let your fruit abound,
Lest God should rouse his wrath, and swear.
“ On thee fruit sha’n’t be found.”

HYMN 98. Part 2d—L. M.

The name of Christ most sweet.

THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
Where grace and truth do always meet
Where righteousness doth peace embrace,
And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,
Where mercy meets a sinner’s need,
And opens wide a gracious store,
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark ! don’t you hear the heav’nly call,
It soundeth loud, it is to all—
To high and low, to bond and free,
That none may say, “ ’Tis not for me.”

4 “ Ho ! ev’ry one that thirsts,” he cries,
“ Here’s wine and milk, in large supplies,
Come now to me, and drink your fill,
’Tis free for whomsoever will.

5 “ Come, now receive, I ask no pay,
But freely give it all away.

To all that do my word believe,
And freely now my grace receive.

HYMN 99. Part 2d—L. M.

Grace proclaimed.

COME, trembling ones, forget your fear,
For your eternal friend is near;
O bow your souls before his face,
And share in his redeeming grace.

2 Long time he's call'd your souls in vain,
And yet behold, he calls again;
Once more in love he's come to try;
Say, sinners, will you live, or die?

3 Though long you may have him abused,
And all his calls of love refused,
Yet even now he will forgive;
O sinners, hear his voice and live.

4 Or will you crowd him from your door,
That he may never call you more?
Then think, O souls, how can you bear
To sink in death and long despair?

5 O sinners, hear, he calls again,
And do not linger on the plain;
Leave all, and fly to Jesus' arms,
And taste, O taste his heavenly charms.

HYMN 100. Part 2d—L. M.

The strong persuasions of grace.

O SINNERS, fly to Jesus' arms,
Enjoy his everlasting charms!
He calls you to a heavenly feast,
O come, poor starving souls, and taste.

- 2 Say, will you be for ever bless'd
And with the heavenly Jesus rest?
He'll save you from all sin and pain,
And you shall in full glory reign.
- 3 Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
Make now the choice and halt no more,
For Christ is waiting at your door.
- 4 He waits, he woos, he's loath to leave,
And will you not his word believe?
Why will you let this Jesus go,
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
- 5 Once more I'll ask you in his name,
(I know his love is still the same,)
Will you be saved from dreadful wo?
Say will you have this Christ or no?

HYMN 101. Part 2d—S. M.

Are there few that shall be saved!

- D**ESTRUCTION'S dang'rous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living gate;
But they who will not leave their sin,
Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend ;
" So many surely can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end."
- 5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found ;
A few were saved in Noah's ark,
For many millions drown'd.
- 6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may ;
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.
- 6 Lord, open sinner's eyes,
Their awful state to see ;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

HYMN 102. Part 2d—C. M.

The backslider returning.

- O** WHAT a cruel wretch am I,
To leave my Jesus so ;
And now without his smiles I lie,
And know not where to go.
- 2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face,
But did not think so soon
I should go mourning in distress,
And all my comforts gone.
- 3 Not all the glory of this earth,
Can do me any good ;
My soul abhors all carnal mirth,
And groans to find my God.

- 4 O could I see his face again,
I'd tell him all my wo ;
Confess how guilty I have been,
To leave my Jesus so.
- 5 Then I would clasp him in my arms,
And he should have my heart ;
And earth with all her treach'rous charms,
For ever should depart.

HYMN 103. Part 2d—L. M.

Baptism.

- O**UR Savior bow'd beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a wat'ry grave ;
Come, see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.
- 2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.
- 3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine !
Let endless glories round him shine !
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O, Lamb of God, for sinners slain !
- 4 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause ;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain !
- 5 We plunge beneath the mystic flood,
O plunge us in thy cleansing blood ;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

6 And as we rise with thee to live,
 O let the Holy Spirit give
 The sealing unction from above,
 The breath of life, the fire of love !
 7 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine !
 On these Baptismal waters shine,
 And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
 To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

HYMN 104, 2d Part—P. M.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation,
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of revelation,
 Tread the path which Jesus trod.
 Flee to him, your only Savior,
 In his mighty name confide ;
 In the whole of your behavior,
 Own him as your only guide.
 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
 Listen to his gracious voice
 Dread no ills that may befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice.
 Jesus says, " Let each believer
 Be baptized in my name ;"
 He himself in Jordan's river,
 Was immersed beneath the stream.
 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay ;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo ! your Captain leads the way.
 View the rite with understanding,
 Jesus' grave before you lies ;

Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

HYMN 105, 2d Part—L. M. 6l.

Christ baptized in Jordan.

IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews :
The Son of God the rite demands ;
Nor dares the holy man refuse
To plunge his Lord beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Admire, ye heavens ! the Savior lies
In deeps, conceal'd from human view :
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example this for you .
The sacred record while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo ; from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of heavenly glory spread !
Dove-like, th' eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head !
Amazed, they see the power divine
Around the Savior's temples shine.

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore !
What sounds are those that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !
"This is my well beloved Son
I see (well pleased) what he hath done."

5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod ;

Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bids us hear the Son of God ;
O hear the joyful word to-day !
Hear, all ye nations, and obey !

HYMN 106. Part 2d—P. M.

SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient times to Jordan came
All righteousness to fill ;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize ;
Jehovah saw his daring Son,
And was well pleased in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.

3 " This is my Son," Jehovah cries,
On him to rest the Spirit flies,
O children, hear ye him ;
Hark ! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
" Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sin."

4 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared ;
O then arise, and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

5 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,

With cheerful hearts arise ;
 See here is water, here is room,
 A loving Savior calling, "Come,
 O children, be baptized."

6 Behold his servant waiting stands,
 With willing heart and ready hands,
 To wait upon the bride ;
 Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
 And let us join in solemn prayer,
 Down by the water-side.

HYMN 107. Part 2d—C. M.

The tree of life, and river of love.

LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
 And sing the solemn feast.

Where sweet celestial dainties stand
 For every willing guest.

2 The food's prepared by heavenly art ;
 The pleasures well refined ;
 They spread new life through every heart,
 And cheer the drooping mind.

3 Shout and proclaim the Savior's love,
 Ye saints, who taste his wine ;
 Join with your kindred saints above,
 In loud hosannas join.

4 A thousand glories to the Lord,
 Who gives such joy as this !
 Hosanna ! let it sound abroad,
 And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN 108. Part 2d—C. M.

To be sung at the Lord's Supper.

LORD, at thy table I behold
 The wonders of thy grace ;

- But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room !
My Savior takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 3 " Eat, O my friends," the Savior cries,
" The feast was made for you ;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too."
- 4 With humble faith and bleeding heart
Lord, we accept thy love ;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above ?
- 5 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers ;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Savior is like ours.
- 6 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee !
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

HYMN 109. Part 2d—L. M.

Preparation.

- T**HE broken bread, the blessed cup,
On which we now are call'd to sup,
Without thy help and grace divine,
Will prove no more than bread and wine.
- 2 But come, great master of the feast,
Dispense thy grace to ev'ry guest ;

Direct our views to Calvary,
And help us to remember thee.

3 Let us with light and truth be bless'd,
That on thy bosom we may rest ;
And at thy supper each may learn,
Thy broken body to discern.

4 O that our souls may now be fed
With Christ himself the living bread,
That we the cov'nant may renew,
And to our vows be render'd true !

HYMN 110. Part 2d—C. M.

*A brief description of the Children of God ; in
a dialogue.*

WHAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these ;
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze ?

2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a king ;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean ?
And why so much despised ?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not apprized.

4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread ;
Ah ! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why, that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why must they shun the pleasant path,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.
- 7 What, is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God ;
None other can be found.

HYMN 111. Part 2d—H. M.

The gospel preacher.

- W**HAT contradictions meet
In ministers' employ !
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy ;
No other post affords a place,
For equal honor and disgrace.
- 2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel ?
Constrain'd to speak in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel.
But who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt ?
- 3 The Savior's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their efforts forth :

They pray and strive, their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.

4 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceived,
Then how their inmost souls are grieved!

5 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade,
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joys can equal theirs,
'To find the fruit of all their cares.

HYMN 112. Part 2d--H. M.

Strength from Heaven.

BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Hittite low?
Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm th' invaders' camp,

With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp ?
 The trumpet made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh, I have seen the day,
 When, with a single word,
 (God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord,)
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness, and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapons from my side !
 Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
 Will help his servant to the end.

HYMN 113. Part 2d—C. M.

The Soldier of the Cross.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A foll'wer of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,
 To help us unto God ?

3 Shall I be carried to the skies
 On flow'ry beds of ease ;
 While others fight to win the prize,
 And sail through bloody seas ?

- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They see a triumph from afar,
And faith presents it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious morn shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
With robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 114. Part 2d—7s.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear,
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end ;
Forward then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

2 In the world, a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares ;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart ;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet ;

None betray us unto sin,
Like the foes we have within ;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these ;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

HYMN 115. Part 2d—L. M.

The good old way.

LIFT up your heads, Emmanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures, Jesus sends ;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.

For I have sweet hope of glory in my soul ;
I have sweet hope of glory in my soul ;
I feel, I feel, I feel, I'm on my journey home.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory ;
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our happiness for to destroy ;
Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

4 O, good old way, how sweet thou art !
May none of us from thee depart ;
But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith, the promised land ;

Then we will shout, and sing, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Remember life is at an end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7 'Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll join with those who're gone before,
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By walking in the good old way.

HYMN 116. Part 2d—C. M.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee do richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;

And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 117. Part 2d—C. M.

The Prodigal Son.

AFFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent ;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And taught him to repent.

2 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

3 "Father, I've sinn'd—but O, forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

4 "Now let the fatten'd calf be slain,
And spread the news around ;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

5 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home ;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 118. Part 2d—S. M.

The poor of Bethesda.

BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,

From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove !

3 O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal !
He knows how long I've languished here,
And what distress I feel.

4 But whither can I go ?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of healing virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.

5 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try ;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die !

6 No : he is full of grace ;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

HYMN 119. Part 2d—10 & 11.

I will trust and not be afraid.

BE GONE, unbelief, my Savior is near,
And for my relief will surely appear ;

By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

3 His love in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in troubles to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his sweet pleasure to help me quite
through.

4 Being willing to save, he watch'd o'er my
path, [death ;
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to
shame.

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptations or pain ? He told me no less ;
The heirs of salvation I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation, must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter the cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might
live ! [mine !
His way was much rougher and darker than
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
'The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song !

HYMN 120. Part 2d—H. M.

The believer's spiritual voyage.

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
My compass is thy word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord !
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye ;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And ev'ry boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :

Far more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace ;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destined place ;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 121. Part 2d—C. P. M.

Regeneration.

WAKED by the gospel's powerful sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Exposed to dreadful wo !

Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or down to ruin go.

2 I to the law then ran for help,
But still I felt the weight of guilt,
And no relief I found ;
While sin my burden'd soul did pain,
The sinner must be born again,
Did loud as thunder sound.

3 I heard some tell how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live
But him I could not see ;
I read my Bible, it was plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or die eternally.

4 But as my soul, with dying breath,
Lay gasping near the second death,
Christ Jesus I did see ;

Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd,
 I trust I then was born again
 In gospel liberty.

5 Not angels in the world above,
 Nor saints could glow with greater love,
 Than what my soul enjoy'd ;
 My soul did mount on eagle's wing,
 And glory, glory, I did sing
 To Jesus my dear Lord.

6 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
 How Jesus saved my soul from hell,
 To sing redeeming love ;
 Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
 The sinner now is born again,
 To dwell with Christ above.

HYMN 122. Part 2d—7s.

Hear what he has done for my soul.

SAVED by blood, I live to tell
 What the love of Christ has done ;
 He redeem'd my soul from hell,
 Of a rebel made a son :
 Oh ! I tremble still to think
 How secure I lived in sin ;
 Sporting on destruction's brink,
 Yet preserved from falling in.

2 In the last distressing hour,
 To my soul the Savior spoke ;
 Touch'd me by his spirit's power,
 And my dang'rous slumber broke ;

Then I saw and own'd my guilt ;
 Soon my glorious Lord replied,
 " Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
 'Twas for such as thee I died."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
 All at once possess'd my heart ;
 Can I hope thy grace to prove,
 After acting such a part ?
 " Thou hast greatly sinn'd," he said,
 " But I freely all forgive ;
 I myself thy ransom made,
 Now I bid thee rise and live."

4 Come, my fellow sinners, try,
 Jesus' heart is full of love ;
 Oh, that you as well as I,
 May his wondrous mercy prove !
 He has sent me to declare
 All is ready, all is free ;
 Why should any soul despair,
 When he saved a wretch like me ?

HYMN 123. Part 2d—7s.

Welcome cross.

TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without a cross ;
 But the Savior's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.
 Trials must and will befall,
 But with humble faith to see,
 Love inscribed upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

2 God is good whenc'er he gives,
 He is good when he denies ;
 Stripes, the child of God receives,
 Blessings are, though in disguise ;
 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me at his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way ;
 Might I not with reason fear,
 I should prove a castaway ?
 Sinners may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

HYMN 124. Part 2d—8s.

None on earth do I desire besides thee.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Fair prospects, sweet songs and sweet
 flowers,
 Have lost all their sweetness to me.
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice ;

I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear,
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind ;
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear,
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long ?
 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 125. Part 2d—C. P. M.

The Lord is in his garden.

THE Lord into his garden comes ;
 The spices yield a rich perfume,
 The lilies grow and thrive ;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine !
 From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
 Which makes the dead revive.

- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become !
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is ;
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive !
None are too late who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him relieve.
- 5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high ;
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

7 But when we come to reign^{er} above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply ;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.

8 There we will reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home ;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim a mansion there :
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heav'nly land,
Where we shall part no more.

10 There, on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout, our suff'rings o'er
In sweet, redeeming love ;
We'll shout and praise our conq'ring King,
Who died himself that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.

HYMN 126. Part 2d—L. M.

The way.

JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hope upon,
His track I see and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I was not freed from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
My sinful self to thee I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD."

HYMN 127. Part 2d—P. M.

Christ our all.

VAIN delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good ;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood !
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity ;
Christ the Lamb of God was slain,
 He tasted death for me !
Me to save from dismal wo,
 The sin-atoning victim died ;
Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !
- 3 Here will I set up my rest ;
 My fluctuating heart,
From the haven of his breast,
 Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !
- 4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend !
Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his love abide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !
- 5 O that I could all invite
 This saving truth to prove ;
Show the length, the breadth and height,
 And depth of Jesus' love !
Fain would I to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied ;
Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !

HYMN 128. Part 2d—P. M.

The Convert.

OH how happy are they,
Who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express,
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the Savior divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb!
When at first I believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above,
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;

And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;
My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire ;
And the world it was under my feet.

7 O ! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
Of my Savior possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
And was fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 129. Part 2d—C. M.

Retrospection.

MY busy thoughts in wonder rove ;
I think of former days,
Ere yet I knew a Savior's love,
Or learn'd to sing his praise.

2 How oft did Jesus, at my door,
(Though barr'd with guilt and sin,)
For entrance plead, alas ! before
I bid him welcome in.

3 Why did I thus his love abuse,
And on his mercy run ?
Eternal life why thus refuse,
And all his blessings shun ?

- 4 His calls why did I thus disdain?
His love refuse to know?
Why tread the steps that end in pain,
The road that leads to wo?
- 5 O boundless mercy, price of blood!
Did Jesus plead my cause?
When on his mercies thus I trod,
And wilful broke his laws?
- 6 When far from him I'd gone astray,
Against his mercies strove,
Kindly he led me in the way,
And fill'd my soul with love.
- 7 His boundless love what tongue can tell?
His praises angels sing;
He saved a wretch from death and hell,
To heir with him, my King.
- 8 O Jesus, be my guardian friend,
O'er life's tempestuous sea;
When ghastly death my troubles end,
Raise me to reign with thee.

HYMN 130. Part 2d—H. M.

The heavenly mariner.

THROUGH tribulations deep,
The way to glory is;
This stormy course I keep,
On these tempestuous seas.
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driven,
Freighted with grace and bound to heaven.

- 2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in :
But still my little ship outbraves,
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.
- 3 When I, in my distress,
My anchor hope can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel vast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Mid stormy blasts and swelling tides.
- 4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heaven no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
I tug, and toil, and strive ;
Through storms and calms for many a day,
I make but very little way.
- 5 But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale,
And runs as much an hour or more,
As in a month or two before.
- 6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I in the night
Behold the moon or star ;
Sometimes, for days and weeks or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.

- 7 As at the time of noon
My quadrant faith, I take
To view my Christ, my Son !
If he the clouds should break,
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabout I be.
- 8 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show.
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.
- 9 I keep aloof from pride,
Those rocks I pass with care ;
I stud'ously avoid
The whirlpool of despair.
Presumption's quicksands too I shun ;
Near them I do not choose to run.
- 10 When through a strait I go,
Or near some coasts am drove,
The plummet forth I throw,
And thus my safety prove.
The scripture is the line which I
Fathom the depth of water by.
- 11 My vessel would be lost
In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost
Himself vouchsafes to steer :
And I through all my voyages will
Depend upon my steerman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which dreadful proves to most ;
For all this passage go.
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
If God himself is at the helm.

13 When through this gulf I get,
Though rough, it is but short,
The pilot angels meet
To bring me into port.
And when I land on that bless'd shore,
I shall be safe for ever more.

HYMN 131. Part 2d—11s.

Love to Christ.

O JESUS, my Savior, to thee I submit, [feet
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy
In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood ;
Thou art my Redeemer, who brought me to God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my love,
I love thee, my Savior, I love thee, my Dove :
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee, I never can show.

3 All human expressions are empty and vain,
They cannot unriddle this heavenly flame ;
I'm sure, if the tongue of an angel were mine,
I could not this myst'ry completely define.

4 I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account,
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount ;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

5 O Jesus, my Savior, with thee I am bless'd!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire my heart and my tongue.

6 O who's like my Savior? he's Salem's bright
King! [sing;
He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud
and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill!

HYMN 132. Part 2d—C. M.

The danger and vanity of the world.

VAIN world, vain world, I bid adieu
To your deceitful joys;
I would not sell my soul for you,
Nor longer hold your toys.

2 Too long I held you in my arms,
And courted every snare;
But now I see your flatt'ring charms
Will end in dark despair.

3 You flatter with a vain applause,
And promise future joy;
When all your treasures are but dross,
Your bliss an empty toy.

4 Careless I trod your giddy maze,
And thought that all was well;
But now I see those carnal ways
Lead to the gates of hell.

5 Bless'd be the Lord who taught my soul,
How near the gulf I stood !
And now while mortal moments roll,
I'll seek substantial good.

HYMN 133. Part 2d—C. M.

Farewell to all but Christ.

FAREWELL, vain world, I bid adieu,
Your glory I despise ;
Your friendship I no more pursue,
Your flatteries are but lies.

2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy ;
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasures die.

3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
And riches of the sea,
Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.

4 Then let my soul rise far above,
By faith I'll take my wing,
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.

5 There's love and joy that will not waste
There's treasures that endure ;
There's pleasures that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 134. Part 2d—L. M.

The happy Convert.

COME brethren, and rejoice with me,
For Jesus Christ has made me free,

From that which did defile my heart,
And made me from my God depart,
When I by faith embraced him,
He fill'd my soul up to the brim,
With streams of grace and love divine,
Which proves the promises are mine;
How good it is, how sweet to me,
O that mankind would all be free !

2 I was much plagued with outward sin,
But more with that which dwelt within,
Which always barr'd my Savior out,
And kept me in distressing doubt ;
But all my fears are driven away,
By brilliancy of gospel day,
Which shines so clear, I must believe,
That I do in my Savior live,
A life of love, a heaven below,
I've not a doubt, I feel it so.

3 If more you wish to know of me
I'm happy now, and hope to be,
While I do in the flesh remain,
Till I return to God again ;
For I do feel his love most sweet,
When Mary-like I at his feet
Do claim my portion of his love,
Which lifts my heart to things above !
He gives to me a heavenly flame,
Which makes me praise his holy name.

4 How grateful then ought I to prove
For the sweet tokens of his love,
Which cheers my heart and makes me whole
And stamps his image on my soul.

A debtor great, I surely be,
To him whose power hath saved me ,
A heaven of love he hath bestow'd,
Which stays my mind on him my God,
And what does much increase the score,
When I thank him, he gives me more.

5 A happy soul indeed am I,
My mind is fix'd above the sky,
On things divine, at God's right hand,
Where I shall see the friend of man,
Who pleads my cause in courts above,
And gives to me his heavenly love,
To fit me for that blessed place,
Where I'll enjoy his fullest grace ;
What holy joy, what heavenly bliss,
To dwell where loving Jesus is !

6 Come brethren dear, whose joys abound,
By hearing precious gospel sound,
Cheer up your hearts, and strong believe
In Jesus Christ who ever lives ;
For though your race is not quite run,
You feel your heaven is now begun,
Then let us raise a holy song,
And praise him as we pass along
To joys above, where we shall be
Happy in vast eternity.

HYMN 135. Part 2d—11s.

My heart's experience.

O HOW I have long'd for the coming of God,
And sought him by praying and searching
his word,

By watching and fasting my soul was oppress'd,
Nor would I give over till Jesus had bless'd.

2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
According to promise, he answer'd my prayer ;
And glory was open'd in floods on my soul,
Salvation from Zion beginning to roll.

3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come weeping and praying to God;
The noise of their weeping is heard very loud,
And many have found pardon through Jesus's
blood.

4 There's more, my dear Savior, who fall at
thy feet,
Oppress'd with a burden enormously great ;
O raise them, my Savior, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujah in heaven above.

5 We'll sing and we'll shout, and we'll shout
and we'll sing,
O God, make the nations with praises to ring,
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,
And carry us all to the city above.

6 We'll wait for thy chariots, they seem to
draw near,
O come, my dear Savior, with glory appear ;
We long to be singing and praising above
With angels o'erwhelm'd with Jesus's love.

7 The taste that we have, it does ravish our
heart,
Which makes us rejoice, and we long to depart,

To praise thee more sweetly where angels do
sing,
And with that bright army make heaven to ring.
8 To sin and to sorrow we'll then bid adieu,
And fly where affliction can never pursue ;
With life, health, and comfort, to wear a bright
crown,
And with our dear Savior for ever sit down.

HYMN 136. Part 2d—C. M.

O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt ?

COME, O my doubting soul, attend
Unto thy Savior's call !
Come, tell thy great Almighty Friend,
Why is thy faith so small ?

2 Why all these unbelieving fears ?
Jehovah's arm is strong ;
O chide these sighs, and groans, and tears,
And turn them to a song.

3 Is God thy shield, thy great reward,
Thy portion and thy all ?
Is Christ thy Captain, and thy Lord,
And shall thy hope be small ?

4 Why wilt thou thus dispute his love,
And thus abuse his care ?
Why wilt thou grieve the heavenly Dove,
And yield to every snare ?

5 In Jesus every grace is found,
Why wilt thou not believe ?

He hath a balm for every wound,
Why wilt thou not receive ?

6 His arm can conquer every foe,
His grace can sanctify :
My heart replies, Lord be it so,
Let my corruptions die.

7 Sin is the cause of every fear,
O keep me from its power !
Slay the accursed monster here,
That I may doubt no more.

HYMN 137. Part 2d—C. M.

Looking to the cross.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
“ I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayst live.”
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd ;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 138. Part 2d—C. M.

Walking with God.

- O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ;
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !

But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !

I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So, shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;

So, purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 139. Part 2d—C. M.

Filial submission.

AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, " My Father God ? "

Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;

Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene ;

Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father,"—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 140. Part 2d—L. M.

Choosing the better part.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Savior divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 141. Part 2d—C. M.

Troubled, but making God a refuge.

DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine :
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat :
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 142. Part 2d—C. M.

Watchfulness and prayer.

- A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live
My feeble efforts aid,

Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 143. Part 2d—C. M.

Longing for conformity to God.

O COULD I find an humble place
But near the lowly Lamb !
How would my soul extol his grace
And sing his precious name !

2 Lord, bring my heart so near to thee,
While through this world I rove,
That I may every moment be
Transported with thy love.

3 O let me walk with thee, my God,
And find thee always nigh ;
Give me to eat immortal food,
And I shall never die.

4 I want that grace that may be felt,
That will my soul inflame ;
I want this harden'd heart to melt
At the Redeemer's name.

5 I want all self to be subdued,
And pride no more to reign ;
I want, O God, my soul renew'd,
And never sin again.

6 I want my will to be resign'd
To the Redeemer's ways,
And every power of soul inclined,
My God to love and praise.

7 I want my soul bound up in God,
And feel his nature mine ;
To feast upon immortal food,
And drink of joys divine.

8 This, this, O blessed God, alone,
Is what I do implore ;
O let me and thyself be one,
And I shall want no more.

HYMN 144. Part 2d—L. M.

Pray without ceasing.

PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God design'd to give ;
Long as they live, should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The Christian's heart, his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within,

- 'The spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high;
Arise, and try thy int'rest there.
- 4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray in faith in Jesus' name.
- 6 Depend on him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merit must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HYMN 145. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Prayer for a revival.

SAVIOR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

- 2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons, we have seen !
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed ;
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth !
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 4 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms, stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud !
Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain !
- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer ;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare ;
Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 146. Part 2d—L. M.

On the great duty of prayer.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat ;
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words ? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would often be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me !

HYMN 147. Part 2d—C. M.

Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.

TO thee again, my gracious God,
I lift my heart and eyes ;

- Thou art my only safe abode,
Thou only just and wise.
- 2 In thee, for ev'ry needful grace,
My soul would still confide ;
Keep me, O Lord, in ev'ry place,
Secure on ev'ry side.
- 3 Be thou, my guardian, ever near,
Thy presence I entreat :
Keep me, O keep me in thy fear,
Uphold my sliding feet.
- 4 The paths I tread are strew'd with snares,
In mercy take my part :
Let not applauses wound my ears,
Nor censures vex my heart.
- 5 Lest I should once disgrace the cause,
Make me, O Lord, to grow
Deaf both to censure and applause,
And dead to all below.
- 6 I'd seek the honor of thy name,
And leave my own to die ;
Help me to sink with humble shame,
And raise thy praises high.

HYMN 148. Part 2d—C. M.

Secret prayer.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

- 2 There may that piercing eye survey
My dut'ous homage paid,
With ev'ry morn'ng's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.
- 3 O let thy own celestial fire,
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.
- 5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum ;
Mercy, through Christ, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

HYMN 149. Part 2d—C. M.

Deliver us from evil.

- T**EACH us, O Lord, aright to plead
For mercies from above :
O come and bless our souls indeed,
With light, and joy, and love.
- 2 The gospel's promised land is wide,
We fain would enter in ;
But we are press'd on ev'ry side,
With unbelief and sin.
- 3 Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast,
Let us possess the whole ;

That Satan may no longer boast,
He can thy work control.

4 Oh, may thy hand be with us still,
Our guide and guardian be ;
To keep us safe from ev'ry ill,
Till death shall set us free.

5 Help us on thee to cast our care,
And on thy word to rest ;
That Israel's God, who heareth prayer,
Will grant us our request.

HYMN 150. Part 2d—C. M.

The true improvement of life.

AND is this life prolong'd to me ?
Are days and seasons given ?
O let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.

2 In vain, these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone :
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from ev'ry sin
By my Redeemer's blood :
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honors of my God.

4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys :
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

- 5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savor of thy name,
Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine ;
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine,
To bliss supremely great.

HYMN 151. Part 2d—S. M.

Prayer for a blessing.

- W**ITH hearts and lips unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word ;
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.
- 2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heaven,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas given :
- 3 So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design ;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.
- 4 Water thy sacred seed,
And give it great increase ;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.
- 5 Then, though we weeping sow,
And tears our hours employ ;
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

HYMN 152. Part 2d—C. M.

Desiring to love Christ more.

THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But in thy sacred word

I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah, too soon, the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;

My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come, with blissful ray,

Break, radiant, through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love ;

But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

HYMN 153. Part 2d—C. M.

The effort.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;

- 'There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
'Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
'That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

HYMN 154. Part 2d—L. M.

My soul thirsteth for God.

- I** THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
'Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
'That I should seek my pleasure there.

It was the sight of thy dear cross
 First wean'd my soul from earthly things ;
 And taught me to esteem as dross
 The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
 That quickens all things where it flows,
 And makes a wretched thorn like me,
 Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown !
 No longer sink below the brim ;
 But overflow, and pour me down
 A living, and life-giving stream !

5 For sure, of all the plants that share
 The notice of thy Father's eye,
 None proves less grateful for his care,
 Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

HYMN 155. Part 2d—L. M.

The pilgrim's song.

I'M glad I ever saw the day
 We met to sing, and preach, and pray ;
 Here's glory, glory, in my soul,
 Which makes me praise my Lord so bold.

2 Lord, keep us safe while passing through,
 And fill our souls with meekness too ;
 Redeeming grace, that pleasing song,
 We'll sing as we do pass along.

3 I hope to praise him when I rise,
 And shout salvation through the skies ;

Sing glory, glory, in the air,
Meet all my Father's children there.

HYMN 156. Part 2d—C. M.

The everlasting song.

EARTH has engross'd my love too long :
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the bless'd man, my Savior, sits
That sun how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Compass the throne around ;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus the Lord, their harps employs,
Jesus my love, they sing ;
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise ;
O for some heav'nly notes to bear
My passions to the skies !

7 There ye that love my Savior sit ;
There I would fain have place
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN 157. Part 2d—L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attend thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing,
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name !

4 In ev'ry land begin the song,
To ev'ry land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 158. Part 2d—L. M.

God's goodness to the children of men.

YE sons of men with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound,
Through all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade,
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish and fowls, and beasts, and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains
And think how wide its Maker reigns :
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But Oh ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Jesus my love !
God's only son in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore ;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

HYMN 159. Part 2d—L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His wondrous power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise :
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 160. Part 2d—C. M.

Self-denial ; or taking up the cross.

- A** SHAMED of Christ ? my soul disdains
 The mean, ungen'rous thought ;
 Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
 To man salvation brought
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace ;
 From heaven to earth he came ;
 For us endured the painful cross,
 For us despised the shame.
- 3 At his command we must take up
 Our cross without delay :
 Our lives—and thousand lives of ours,
 His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
 With infinite delight ;
 Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
 Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name, his cross to bear,
 Our highest honor this !

Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus the judge, before the world
The traitor will deny.

HYMN 161. Part 2d—C. P. M.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
Which lifts my heart to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen :
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise :
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

4 There are my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
But Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heav'nly rest :
 Then let the pilgrim's journey end,
 And O, my Savior, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast.

HYMN 162. Part 2d—8s.

Trust and confidence ; or looking beyond present appearances.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear !
 Let fear in me no more take place !
 My Savior doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face :
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no !
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The field elude the tiller's toil ;
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Away, each unbelieving fear,
 Let fear to cheering hope give place ;
 My Savior will at length appear,
 And show the brightness of his face :
 Though now my prospects all be cross'd,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,

Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4 In hope, believing against hope,
His promised mercy will I claim ;
His gracious word shall bear me up,
To seek salvation in his name :
Soon, my dear Savior, bring it nigh !
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 163. Part 2d—L. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair ;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
They had almost convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
'That warn'd me of that dark abyss ;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes ;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;
There, would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 164. Part 2d—C. M.

The successful resolve—I will go in unto the king.

COME, anxious sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess,
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his pard'ning grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious king approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;

For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

HYMN 165. Part 2d—L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise
Whose glory shines through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon,
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning-star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more adore his name.

5 I'll boast, nor is my boasting vain,
While thus I boast a Savior slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

6 His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 166. Part 2d—C. M.

*When thou hearest the sound of a going in the
tops of the mulberry-trees, then thou shalt bestir
thyself.*

WHAT joyful sound is this I hear,
Rush from the mulberry-tops ?

Ye saints, give ear, the Lord draws near,
Your drooping heads lift up.

2 Hark ! hear the sound, it moves around,
How sweet the accents are !

My joys abound, I know the sound,
It is the voice of prayer.

3 Elijah's little cloud appears,
Hangs o'er the thirsty land ;

Lift up your voice, ye saints rejoice,
There is a shower at hand.

4 God will appear on Zion's side,
And make his power known ;

The saints shall see, and joyful be,
The world his name shall own.

5 The aged sinner, grace shall know,
And taste the powers above ;

The lovely youth embrace the truth,
And sing redeeming love.

6 Then praise the Lord, ye saints of his,
Rejoice in hope, and pray ;

Wait on the Lord, with sweet accord ;
Behold the dawn of day.

HYMN 167. Part 2d—C. P. M.

The fall of Babylon.

COME, brethren, let us join and sing
The growing empire of our King,
Who spilt his precious blood :
His life a ransom gave for all,
That he might save our souls from thrall,
And bring us home to God.

2 He rides victorious through the land,
His saints rejoice, his heralds stand,
And they aloud do call ;
Sinners, repent, to Jesus fly,
While he in mercy passes by,
And offers grace to all.

3 The work of God is going on,
Souls daily flee from Babylon,
And on the Lord do call ;
Dull formalists, with wonder gaze,
And Babel's merchants stand amazed,
To see their mother fall.

4 The wilderness doth sweetly ring
With prayers and praises to the King,
Who sits on Zion's hill ;
The towns and cities hear the voice ;
The sinners mourn, the saints rejoice,
With praise, the streets are fill'd.

5 Ride on, all-conq'ring King, ride on ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
Let heaven and earth agree
To sound aloud thy worthy fame,

Till all our souls shall be on flame
To rise and reign with thee.

HYMN 168. Part 2d—P. M.

The jewels of the Lord.

Ye jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze ;
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lilies,
Beside the purple flood ;
Go on, ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue,
And at an humble distance,
I'll sing, and follow too.

3 When I beheld your order
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers
In pure devotion roll,
And gems immortal glowing
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Savior's image
Impress'd on every face.

4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind ;

And often be your voices
In pure devotion join'd ;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before **you** lies ;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

5 " You shall be mine," says Jesus,
" In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumb'rous clay."
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and sin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound ;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands ;
Lo, you're redeem'd for ever
From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron with his girdle,
In shining jewels dress'd,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscribed upon his breast ;
So will the Priest of Zion,
Before the Father's throne,
Present the heirs of glory,
And God the kindred own.

8 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill,

And sweet, immortal anthems,
 The vocal regions fill ;
 In everlasting beauty
 The shining millions stand,
 Safe on the Rock of ages,
 Amid the promised land.

9 We'll range the wide dominion
 Of our Redeemer round,
 And in dissolving raptures
 Be lost in love profound :
 While all the flaming harpers
 Begin the lasting song,
 With hallelujahs rolling
 From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 169. Part 2d—L. M.

Separation.

COME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed,
 Submit to all the ways of God,
 And walk this narrow, happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
 But soon you'll walk the golden street ;
 Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3 The happy day will soon appear,
 When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
 Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,
 To call the nations great and small.

4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
 The trumpet loud does now proclaim,

The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home ;
And all the angels bid them come ;
While Christ, the Judge, their joy proclaims,
Here come my saints, I own their names.

6 Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride :
Ye harps of heaven, come sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.

7 In grandeur see the royal lines,
Whose glitt'ring robes, the sun outshines ;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor round the throne.

8 They stand in wonder, and look on,
And join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their hearts on fire.

HYMN 170. Part 2d—10 & 11.

The Christian's warrant.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers af-
fright,

Though friends all should fail, and foes all
unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are
fed,

From them let us learn to trust in our Head ;

His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,

So long as 'tis written the Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, by tempests be toss'd
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost ;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we'll obey, like Abra'm of old :
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers, we have a sure
guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will
provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have
tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will pro-
vide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we
claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name ;
In this, our strong tower, for safety we'll hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;

Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide

HYMN 171. Part 2d—C. M.

The promised land.

- O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight ;
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever bless'd ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN 172. Part 2d—C. M.

Warning to sinners to flee from the wrath to come.

WITH love of pity I look round
Upon my fellow-clay ;
See men reject the gospel sound,
Good God ! what shall I say ?

2 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners ! come away ;
The Savior's knocking at your door,
Arise, without delay.

3 Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.

4 Then where, poor sinners, will you be,
If destitute of grace ;
When you your injured Judge shall see,
And stand before his face !

5 O could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye.

6 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand ;

Before the great, impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

7 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you *should* meet them all again,
When wrapp'd in keen despair.

HYMN 173. Part 2d—C. M.

*God hath commanded all men every where to
repent.*

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay ;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the piercing eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds are despatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons goes through all the world ;
Let earth attend and fear :
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear.

4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Embrace the blessed Savior now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow, *ere* the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
 And yet prolong our days ;
 Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall
 And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN 174. Part 2d—C. M.

True liberty given by Christ.

HARK ! for 'tis God's own Son that calls,
 To life and liberty ;
 Transported fall before his feet,
 Who makes the pris'ners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
 And breaks old Satan's chain ;
 Smiling, he deals those pardons round,
 Which free from dreadful pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
 His Spirit from on high ;
 We lose the terrors of a slave,
 And Abba Father cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace,
 The sinner's friend proclaim ;
 And call on all around to seek
 True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
 Your Father's house above ;
 There shall you wear immortal crowns,
 And sing immortal love.

HYMN 175. Part 2d—8 & 7.

The wandering pilgrims.

WAND'RING pilgrims, mourning Chris-
 tians,
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,

Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd ;
Christ has sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast ;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
Come, the sweet provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case ;
Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,
He will give you gospel grace.
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days ;
Only come to Christ and ask him,
He will guide your ~~feet~~ always.

3 If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief,
Wait with patience, always praying,
Christ will send you sweet relief.
He will give you grace and glory,
And your wants shall be supplied ;
Canaan, Canaan, lies before you,
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.

4 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ will guard you through the gloom,
Down he'll send a heavenly convoy,
To convey you to his home.
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from ev'ry want and care ;
Come, O Come, my blessed Savior,
Fain my spirit would be there.

HYMN 176. Part 2d—C. M.

Fear not.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme ;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell ;
God will these powers restrain ;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good,
He will for his provide ;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 You in his wisdom, power and grace,
May confidently trust ;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

HYMN 177. Part 2d—C. M.

Death and Heaven.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die ;
I soon shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high ;
Shall join the glorified saints,

And find its long-sought rest ;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain ;
I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my deliverer come :
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise ;
I see a host of brethren bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet ?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away ;
But let me find my friends again,
In that eternal day.

HYMN 178. Part 2d—L. M.

SOON I shall hear the solemn call
(Prepared or not) to yield my breath,

And this poor mortal frame must fall
A helpless prey to cruel death.

2 Then look, my soul, look forward now,
And anchor safe, beyond the flood :
Bow to the Savior's footstool, bow,
And get a life secure in God.

3 Before these fleeting hours are gone,
I'll bid this mortal world adieu ;
And to the Lord I'll now resign
My life, my breath, and spirit too,

4 Then welcome death, with all its force,
No more I'll fear the gaping grave ;
Jesus, my Lord, my last resource,
Will reach his arm my soul to save.

5 He will not hide his smiling face,
Nor leave me in that trying hour ;
I'll trust my soul upon his grace,
And, cheerful, leave this mortal shore.

HYMN 179. Part 2d—C. M.

On the death of a Minister.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all your tears be dry ;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Savior nigh ?

2 What though the arm of conq'ring Death
Does God's own house invade ;
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead ?

- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged and the young,
 The watchful eyes in darkness closed,
 And mute th' instructive tongue ;
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart ;
 His eyes still guide us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.
- 5 " Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
 " My church shall safe abide ;
 For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust ;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust.

HYMN 180. Part 2d—C. M.

At the funeral of a young person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,
 By Death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, impress'd
 With awful power, I too must die—
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

- 3 Let this vain world engage no more :
 Behold the gaping tomb,

It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey :
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power ;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

HYMN 181. Part 2d—S. M.

The final sentence and misery of the wicked.

AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And, through the num'rous, guilty throng,
Spread black despair around ?

3 " Depart from me, accurs'd,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 182. Part 2d—C. M.

- A**ND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
And ev'ry word I say?
- 2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert,
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live?
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow ;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near !
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

HYMN 183. Part 2d—L. M.

Another year.

FATHER of mercies ! God of love !
Whose kind compassion still we prove
Our praise accept, and bless us here,
Thus brought to see—another year.

2 What shall we render to thy name,
Or how thy glorious praise proclaim !
Whose constant, kind, indulgent care,
Has brought us to—another year.

3 Thy bounty, pity, patience too,
With thankful hearts, Lord, we review ;
And own we've had a plenteous share
To bring us to—another year.

4 Our souls, our all, we here resign ;
Make us, and keep us ever thine ;
And grant that in thy love and fear
We may begin—another year.

5 Be this our sweet experience still,
To know and do thy holy will ;
Then shall our souls with joy sincere,
Bless thee for this—another year.

6 Help us to walk, as in thy sight,
With growing pleasure and delight;
Then, whether life or death appear,
We'll bless thee for—another year.

7 Still, Lord, through life thy love display,
And then in death's approaching day,
We'll joyful part with all that's here,
Nor wish on earth—another year.

HYMN 184. Part 2d—C. M.

New-Year's day.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is pass'd;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul! with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern?

4 Now a scene of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;

With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN 185. Part 2d—S. M.

Evening.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are pass'd,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 186. Part 2d—12 & 11.

For Saturday evening—Tune—Family Bible.

HOW tranquil this moment when freed from
commotion, [days;
And cares that perplexed me for six busy

The season's well suited to mental devotion,
 I think of God's goodness, and breathe forth
 his praise. [have crowded,
 Through the week many dangers around me,
 To evils how many have fallen a prey;
 Jehovah's pavilion my soul has enshrouded,
 His Spirit has led me the strait narrow
 way.
 Protected in mercy, upheld by his power,
 I'll spend in his worship this favorite hour.

2 I cast a look back on the week now departed,
 Retracing my footsteps in search of each ill,
 'Tis grace that has kept me, or I had deserted
 The cause of religion and God's righteous
 will.
 But praises be given to him for protection,
 For watching my footsteps, and guarding my
 way, [tion,
 With heart overflowing, and warm with affec-
 I'll speak of his goodness, by night and by
 Protected in mercy, &c. [day.

3 This week then I'll close with renew'd
 resolution,
 My remnant of life in his service to spend;
 When life shall advance to its last diminution,
 I'll hail with composure my toils at an end.
 Should God through another week deign to
 protect me, [light;
 Midst life's busy cares, be they heavy or
 The thoughts of his goodness each day shall
 affect me, [night.
 And urge me to praise him each Saturday
 Protected in mercy, &c.

HYMN 187. Part 2d—7s

Presumption and despair.

I HATE the tempter and his charms ;
I hate his flatt'ring breath ;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear ;
And holds us still in wide extremes—
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
To walk the road to heaven ;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiven."

4 He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear
To think of God or death ;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "You must die,
And 'tis too late to pray :
In vain for mercy now you cry,
For you have lost your day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit ;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

HYMN 188. Part 2d—L. M. 6l.

Farewell.

FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds the Jubilee;
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud
From land to land, from sea to sea;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell in bonds of union dear,
Like strings you twine about my heart;
I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
Till we shall meet no more to part;
Till we shall meet in heaven above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell my earthly friends below,
Although so kind and dear to me;
My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee:
To sound the joy, and bear the news
To Gentile nations and the Jews.

4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
While God will give me breath to breathe,
I'll pray to the eternall All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live—
That your dear souls prepared may be,
To dwell in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all below the sun,
And as I pass in tears below,

The path is straight my feet shall run ;
And God will keep me as I go—
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promised land.

6 Farewell, farewell ! I look above ;
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call ,
My joy, my crown, my only love,
My safeguard here, my heaven, my all.
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only hope in death—Amen.

HYMN 189. Part 2d—L. M.

Pilgrim's farewell.

PILGRIMS, with pleasure, let us part,
Since we are of one mind and heart ;
No length of days, nor distant place,
Can ever break these bands of grace.

2 Parting with joy, we'll join and sing
The wonders of our Lord and King ;
Our distant bodies may remove,
But nothing shall divide our love.

3 In vain may earth and hell combine,
To quench that love which is divine ;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death.

4 Now join'd in love in Jesus' name,
Let's part and fly to spread his fame ;
That other souls may leave their wo,
And share with us in glory too.

5 A few more rolling days and years
Shall bring a period to our tears ;

We soon shall reach that blissful shore,
Where parting shall be known no more.

6 And then we shall adore the hand,
That led us through this desert land;
Lose all our griefs, forget our pain,
And join in everlasting strains.

HYMN 190. Part 2d—C. M.

At the meeting of friends.

WELL met, dear friends, in Jesus' name,
Come, let us now rejoice,
While we our Savior's praise proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.

2 But oh! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove;
Thy blessing now diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Savior, here we meet,
Except thy face we see;
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
Whene'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shows a heavenly dawn,
When there, with thee we dwell;
But when thy presence is withdrawn
A palace proves a hell.

5 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend,
To meet us with a smile;
Thy Spirit's quick'ning influence, send,
And purge our hearts from guile.

6 That, at the close, each one may say
"We meet not here in vain!"

For we have tasted heaven to-day,
Nor could we more contain."

HYMN 191. Part 2d—C. M.

When met for worship.

JESUS, let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love ;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2 Come in with power, to ev'ry soul,
O, thou immortal dove ;
Make ev'ry wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3 We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste thy grace divine,
That ev'ry soul with joy may say,
My Lord, my God is mine.

4 What do we here without thy grace,
O blessed Lamb of God !
'Twill be a dark and tiresome place,
Unless we feel thy word.

5 Here's some that pant, O God, to see
Thy face, and taste thy love ;
O speak, and bring us near to thee,
And make our doubts remove.

6 Jesus, inspire each heart and tongue,
To learn thy precious name ;
Redeeming love shall be our song,
And we thy love proclaim.

HYMN 192. Part 2d—C. M.

Met for worship.

HERE, in the presence of our God,
We've met to seek thy face ;
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.

2 O may this be a happy hour,
To ev'ry mourning soul ;
Display thy love, make known thy power,
And make the wounded whole.

3 O may a spark of heavenly fire,
Each stupid soul inflame,
And sacred love our tongues inspire
To praise thy worthy name.

4 Let ev'ry soul the Savior see,
And taste his love divine ;
And ev'ry heart for ever be,
United, Lord, with thine.

HYMN 193. Part 2d—C. M.

Morning before baptism ; or at the water-side.

HOW great, how solemn is the work,
Which we attend to-day !
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When pain'd and grieved at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Relieved our ev'ry smart.

- 3 Let grace, which then was exercised,
Be exercised again :
And nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy ;
Vain world, begone, let things above,
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 While thee, **our** Savior and our Lord,
To all around we own ;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To **heaven** our passions raise :
That hence our lives, our all may be
Devoted to thy praise.

HYMN 194. Part 2d—C. M.

- B**LESS'D be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below,
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified !

- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore :
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN 195. Part 2d—C. M.

Friends parting.

- L**ORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace ;
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 But, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
Yet let thy special presence still
With every one remain.
- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love ;
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 There, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;

But in seraphic, endless strains,
Redeeming love admire.

5 All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then for ever fly ;
Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt our joy.

6 And thus, to all eternity,
Upon the heavenly shore,
The great, mysterious Deity,
Jehovah, we'll adore.

HYMN 196. Part 2d—11s.

Farewell.

FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is
at hand,

That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements do call us away,
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, loving Christians, farewell for a
while,

We'll soon meet again, if kind Heaven should
smile ;

And while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be
discharged,

The war is just ended, the treasure's enlarged;
With singing and shouting, tho' Jordan may
roar,

We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who've listed for
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near; [war,
And though you must walk through this dark
wilderness, [peace.

Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to

5 The world, flesh, and Satan, and hell all unite,
And bold persecutors will strive to affright;
Yet Jesus stands for you, he's greater than they,
Let this animate you to march on the way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken
heart, [part;
O haste to know Jesus, and choose the good
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you do I
mourn,
To think of your danger, and you unconcern'd;
I've heard of a judgment where all must ap-
pear, [fear.
O, there you'll stand trembling with tormenting

8 Your frolics and pastimes, in which you de-
light, [fright;
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful
You'll think on these sermons which you've
heard in vain,
When hope's gone for ever of hearing again.

9 Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell all
around, [sound,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall

To meet you in glory, I give you my hand,
The Savior to praise in a pure social band.

HYMN 197. Part 2d—8 & 7.

The good Shepherd.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come and bid our jarring cease ;
Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of love, and Prince of peace :
Visit now the precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep ;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Many follow men's inventions,
And submit to human laws ;
Hence divisions and contentions
Sully the Redeemer's cause :
Hence we suffer persecution,
While the foolish virgins sleep ;
All is uproar and confusion,
Come, good Shepherd, lead thy sheep.

3 Some of Paul, some of Apollos,
Some of Cephas, few agree ;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee :
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Ev'ry hind'rance overleap !
Fearing not their force and numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Lord, in us, there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth ;

Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
That shall teach us all thy truth :
On the gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep ;
Love's our bond, and Christ our centre,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

5 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution we'll not fear ;
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd's near :
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap ;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

6 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
Saying, " Fear not, little flock,
I, myself, am your foundation,
Ye are built upon this rock ;
Shun the path of vice and folly,
Lest you sink into the deep ;
Look to me, and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep."

7 Christ alone, our souls shall rest on,
Taught by him, we own his name ;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our hearts inflame ;
Glory ! glory ! give him glory,
Strong is he, and he will keep ;
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 198. Part 2d—C. M.

Wedding Hymn.

- S**INCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast :
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy presence crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace, their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love, their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking each their share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope,
And see, with joy, a goodly seed,
To build their household up.
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern chaste and kind :
So may this married couple live
And die, in friendship join'd.
- 7 On every soul assembled here,
Now make thy face to shine ;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

HYMN 199. Part 2d—11 & 10.

The Star in the East.

HAIL the bless'd morn, when the great Me-
diator,

Down from the regions of glory descends ;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guards, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

3 Say, shall we yield him with costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine, [ocean,
Gems of the mountains, and pearls from the
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the soul's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HYMN 200. Part 2d—7, 6 & 7.

Name of Christ, the sweetest sound.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,

All the ecstatic joys that spring
Around the bright elysium.
Lo ! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies ;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him :
Angels' trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold, proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the same.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation ;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One.

4 One broad rainbow round the throne,
Pours celestial splendor,
All within the brilliant zone,
To empyreal grandeur.
Heaven's pure arch reflects the blaze,
Seraphs sing, admire, and gaze,
Glowing cherubs join the lays,
Martyrs shout responding praise.

5 Hark, the thrilling symphony
 Seems, methinks, to seize us ;
 Join we to the holy lay,
 Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !
 Sweetest sound on seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

HYMN 201. Part 2d—8 & 6.

Christ's Crucifixion.

THE Son of man they did betray,
 He was condemned and led away !
 Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
 Look on mount Calvary :
 Behold him lamb-like led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng :
 Accused by each lying tongue,
 And then the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon a shameful tree.

2 'Twas thus the glorious suff'rer stood,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
 From ev'ry wound, a stream of blood
 Came flowing down amain :
 His bitter groans all nature shook,
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,
 And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 While spiteful Jews around him mock,
 And laughed at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
 Behold in agonies he dies !

O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
See his tormenting pains !
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refused to view the sight ;
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd in dread affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark ! men and angels, hear the Son !
He cries for help ; but oh ! there's none !
He treads the winepress all alone,
His garments stain'd with blood.
In lamentation hear him cry,
Eloi lama sabachthani ;
Though death may close these languid eyes ;
He soon will mount the upper skies,
The conq'ring Son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel around him stand,
Mocking, they say, come save the land,
Come try thyself to free.
A soldier pierced him when he died,
Then healing streams flow'd from his side,
And thus my Lord was crucified,
And justice then was satisfied,
Sinners, for you and me.

6 Behold he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While angels bowing at his feet,
In loud hosannas tell,
How he endured exquisite pains,
And led the monster death in chains,

Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains,
He conquer'd death and hell.

HYMN 202. Part 2d—S. M.

Praising Christ.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing, till ye hear Christ say,
" Your sins are all forgiven ;"
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
Till we all meet in heaven.

HYMN 203. Part 2d—S. M.

A prospect of Christ's Church.

BEHOLD a lovely vine,
Here in the desert ground ;
The blossoms shoot and promise fruit,
And tender grapes are found.

2 Its circling branches rise,
And shade the neighb'ring land ;

With lovely charms, she spreads her arms,
With clusters in her hand.

3 This city can't be hid,
It's built upon a hill ;
The dazzling light it shines so bright,
It doth the valleys fill.

4 Ye trees which lofty stand,
And stars, with sparkling light,
Ye Christians hear, both far and near,
'Tis joy to see the sight.

5 Ye insects, feeble race,
And fish that glide the stream,
Ye birds that fly secure on high,
Repeat the joyful theme.

6 Ye beasts that feed at home,
Or roam the valleys round,
With lofty voice proclaim the joys,
And join the pleasant sound.

7 Shall feeble nature sing,
And man not join the lays ?
O may their throats be swell'd with notes,
And fill'd with songs of praise.

8 Glory to God on high,
For his redeeming grace ;
The blessed Dove came from above,
To save our ruin'd race.

HYMN 204. Part 2d—12s.

The Church in her purity.

THE time soon is coming by the prophets
foretold,
When Zion in purity the world will behold ;

For Jesus' pure testimony will gain the day,
Denomination selfishness will vanish away.

2 'Twill then be discover'd who for Jesus will
be,
And who are in Babylon, the saints then will
see ;
The line of division then will fully be known,
Between the pure kingdom and defiled Bab-
ylon.

3 What beauty the Church will then put on in
her light, [right ;
All govern'd by Jesus Christ who always leads
No spot on her countenance in that glorious
Unnecessary ceremonies vanish away. [day.

4 Led on by the Comforter, what sweet will
be found, [abound ;
What peace and what harmony and love will
Losing time, things for Jesus will be counted
all joy,
And helping each other, a delightful employ.

5 The watchmen lift up their voice then all as
one, [they will run,
East, west, north, and southward, to and fro
In the spirit's pure testimony preach up the
cross,
And mystery, Babylon, must suffer the loss.

6 But O ! what a storm of persecution will rage,
In the cause of old Babylon, too many engage ;
Beholding their loss and thus beginning to sink,
They'll hope to obstruct the light from spread-
ing, I think.

7 But truth cuts its way and love will melt
 down its foes, [oppose ;
The pure word of God will conquer all who
The church stand in purity, in peace and in
 love,
In sight of her enemies, she rises above.

8 Now let all who wish to see Millennium begin,
Come out and be separate from sinners and sin.
As soon as the churches are redeem'd from all
 sin,
The time call'd Millennium will surely begin.

HYMN 205. Part 2d—8s.

The Heavenly Union.

FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ;
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in the paradise lost ;
It grows on Emmanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder bless'd mansions of love.

4 O why then so loath to depart.
Since we shall ere long meet again,

Engraved on Emmanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
United with angels above,
No longer confined to our clay,
O'erwhelm'd in the ocean of love.

6 O then with our Jesus we'll reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
And sing hallelujah, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 206. Part 2d—S. M.

Unity.

LET strife for ever cease,
And envy quit the field;
Come, join and live in love and peace,
And to the gospel yield.

2 Let bitter words no more
Among the saints remain;
Let ev'ry member, ev'ry hour
Submit to Jesus' reign.

3 When bitter words arise,
Then Satan has his ends:
We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
Amid his chosen friends.

4 Then why should we contend
For meat, and drink, and dress,

- And crucify the Lord again,
And pierce his wounds afresh ?
- 5 No more we'll feed the flame,
Nor judge ourselves too wise ;
But search with care to find the beam,
That lurks within our eyes.
- 6 Unto the world we'll prove,
That we disciples are ;
They shall behold us walk in love,
And say the Lord is there.

HYMN 207. Part 2d—S. M.

Christian Love.

- LET party names no more,
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell !
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below,
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 208. Part 2d—L. P. M.

Baptism.

O YE blood-wash'd ransom'd sinners,
Highly favor'd of the Lord,
Now ye prove your love to Jesus,
By regarding thus his word.
Rise and follow, rise and follow,
Rise and follow Christ your Lord.

2 See his wat'ry tomb before you ;
Hear him echo—"Follow me ;"
For beneath the streams of Jordan,
Christ your great Redeemer lay.
Rise and follow, rise and follow,
Rise and follow Christ to-day.

3 Yes—beneath those honor'd waters,
Great Emmanuel was baptized ;
Out of which he then ascended,
And the Father was well pleased.
Let us follow, let us follow,
Let us follow Christ our Lord.

4 Love constrains you all to follow
Jesus to his liquid grave :
Lo ! look up ; expect his presence,
Which he promised you to have—
While you follow, while you follow
Jesus to his liquid grave.

5 Jesus, come ; thine approbation
May we gladly see and feel ;
Cause, O cause the heav'ns to open,
And thy wondrous love reveal ;

And we'll follow, and we'll follow,
And we'll follow thee our all.

HYMN 209. Part 2d—L. M.

The Son of Man lifted up.

HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load !
He shed a thousand drops for you !
A thousand drops of richest blood !

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men !
But lo, what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !

4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb !
The tomb in vain forbids his rise !
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns !
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains :

6 Say : " Live forever, wondrous King !"
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster : " Where's thy sting ?"
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

HYMN 210. Part 2d—7s.

Rejoicing in hope.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As you journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and bless'd,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 211. Part 2d—7 & 6.

Longing for heaven.

OWHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above ;

And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd,
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders;
And bid me not give o'er:
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.

3 Thro' grace I am determined
To conquer though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on your heav'nly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended
He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you want more knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though oft'ner you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entomb'd millions
From their cold beds arise;
Our ransom'd dust revived,
Bright beauties shall put on;
And soar to the bless'd mansions
Where our Redeemer's gone.

7 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
The Savior's face behold!
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold!
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing!
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King!

HYMN 212. Part 2d—7s.

Recruiting orders.

CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
He receiveth sinners still!
Who will serve this blessed King,
Come, enlist, and with me sing:

I his soldier soon shall be,
Happy in eternity.

2 I by faith enlisted am,
In the service of the Lamb;
Present pay I now receive,
Future happiness he'll give.
I his soldier, &c.

3 Zion's King my Captain is,
Conquest I shall never miss;
Let the powers of hell engage,
Strive to hurt with all their rage.
I his soldier, &c.

4 Let the world their forces join,
With the powers of hell combine;
Greater is my King than they,
Through him I shall win the day.
I his soldier, &c.

5 Wicked men I do not fear,
Though they persecute me here,
True, they may my body kill,
But my King's on Zion's hill.
I his soldier, &c.

6 What a Captain have I got?
Is not mine a happy lot?
Hear, ye worldlings, hear my song,
This the language of my tongue.
I his soldier, &c.

7 When this life's short space is o'er,
I shall live to die no more;

Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.
I his soldier, &c.

8 Come, ye worldlings, come, enlist,
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ ;
Whosoever will, may come,
Jesus Christ refuseth none.
I his soldier, &c.

9 Jesus is my captain's name,
Now as yesterday the same ;
In his name I notice give,
All who come, he will receive.
I his soldier, &c.

10 Be persuaded, take his pay,
All your sins he'll wash away ;
Now in Jesus' name believe,
Future happiness he'll give.
Yes, in heaven you sure shall be,
Praising God eternally.

HYMN 213. Part 2d—8s.

The Christian Soldier.

A SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
Thou art my Captain, King, and Head :
And under thee I still will fight
The fight of faith with all my might.
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The ensign of our conqu'ring Lord ;
The Christian soldier's standard is,
And I will fight for King Jesus.

2 O make me, Lord, what I should be,
To boldly face the enemy,

That when alarmed to call the Lord,
And pass the word to all the guard.
Grant me the weapons of thy word,
The spirit's powerful two-edged sword,
To slay my foes, where'er they be,
And own the vict'ry won by thee.

3 Thou art my Lord, keep me, I pray,
That I may run the heav'nly way ;
Nor from my duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all my heart.
Help me to walk in humbleness,
March in the way of holiness,
O make me pure and spotless too,
And fit to stand the grand review :

4 That when our General shall come,
With sound of trumpet, (not of drum,)
'Tis then our well-dress'd ranks shall stand
In full review at God's right hand ;
And when our foes shall get the rout,
And Jesus wheels them left about ;
Then we'll march up the heav'nly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

5 The war is o'er, and we are free
To join the blood-wash'd company ;
Our wages shall be harps of gold,
And joys of heaven which can't be told :
There we shall drink full draughts of wine,
The band of music we shall join ;
And hallelujah's highest key
Shall be our theme eternally.

HYMN 214. Part 2d—8s.

The Holy War.

I'VE 'listed in the holy war,
To fight for life and endless joy ;
And grace, more boundless than the sea,
Is the rich wages I receive.

2 Under my Captain, Jesus Christ,
I am enlisted during life,
To fight against the powers of hell
In favor of Emmanuel.

3 My Gen'ral is the great I AM,
Against whose sword no one can stand,
But all before his word must fall,
For he has power to conquer all.

4 My great, good Captain, mild and meek,
Most kindly favors all the weak ;
His servants all are chosen peers,
And all his soldiers; volunteers.

5 From day to day with living bread,
And rich provisions, I am fed ;
Drawn from my Gen'ral's well-fill'd stores,
On blessed Canaan's happy shores.

6 Arm'd with my helmet, sword, and shield,
I'll never quit the glorious field,
For Christ, my Lord, the vict'ry's won :
Then, O my soul, put courage on.

7 I've listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight :

Tho' battles rage, and wars increase,
Soon I shall reach a land of peace.

8 I'll God adore—obey his laws,
Nor coward prove in his good cause
But in his service firm abide,
Fighting upon Emmanuel's side.

9 I've fought through many battles sore,
And ready stand to fight through more,
Trusting in Jesus' sacred name;
None in his holy war are slain.

10 I have a sword, which, when I wield,
The stoutest foe must quit the field;
The word of God must e'er prevail,
Eternal truth can never fail.

11 Come, sinners, then, enlisted be
And Christ your king shall make you free,
Come, try his service—trust the Lord,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 215. Part 2d—11s.

The soldiers of Jesus called to arms.

COME, soldiers of Jesus, your armor gird on,
Your Captain commands you, God's well
beloved Son;
He's unfurl'd his banner in our happy land,
Come, rally around it, ye cross-bearing band.

2 Throw by men's inventions, abide by God's
word;
For Jesus, your Lawgiver, Master, and Lord;

His laws are not grievous, but righteous and
good; [blood.

And we are his servants, the price of his
3 O how has he wearied you, christians declare,
Don't think it presumption his name for to bear,
The disciples at Antioch flourish'd and grew,
Not fetter'd by human invention like you.

4 O love one another, your Jesus commands;
Unite with your voices, your hearts, and your
hands, [be;
Like an army with banners, you dreadful shall
The host of the aliens before you shall flee.

5 Bold Atheist and Deist shall then hide their
face, [grace;
When Christians unite as dear children of
The scorner, blasphemer, before you shall fall;
And sinners, confounded, for mercy shall call.

6 Yet thousands, dear Christians, converted
shall be; [knee;
The haughty gainsayers, themselves, bow the
Their weeping and crying shall reach to the
clouds, [crowds.
And poor bleeding Zion be swarming with

7 Then God's ancient people, the poor scatter'd
Jews, [fuse
Who long have been exiles, no more shall re-
To own our dear Jesus, their promised king,
But fly and take shelter beneath his kind wing.

8 O then the Millennium, the long-wished-for
day, [pray,
For which our great master has taught us to

Shall come and bring with it a kingdom below,
When every nation to Jesus shall bow.

HYMN 216. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Expostulation.

NOW the Savior stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart ;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinner's part.

CHORUS.

Sinners, can you hate this Savior ?
Will you thrust him from your arms !
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his charms.

2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
Shows his wounded hands and feet ;
“ Father, save them, tho' they're blood-red,
Raise them to a heav'nly seat.”
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 Sinners, hear your God and Savior,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O repent, return and pray.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.

4 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife !

Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
 Turns upon th' events of life!
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
 Now he stands and looks on thee;
 See, what kindness, love, and pity
 Shine around on you and me!
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

6 Open now your hearts before him,
 Bid the Savior welcome in;
 Now receive, and O, adore him,
 Take a full discharge from sin.
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

7 Come, for all things now are ready,
 Yet there's room for many more;
 O ye blind, ye lame, and needy,
 Come to wisdom's boundless store.
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

HYMN 217. Part 2d—6 & 4.

The young convert's invitation.

O CARELESS sinners, come,
 Pray now attend;
 This world is not your home,
 It soon will end.
 Jehovah calls aloud,
 Forsake the thoughtless crowd,
 Pursue the road to God,
 And happy be.

2 No happiness you'll find,
 While thus you go,

No peace unto your mind,
But pain and wo;
Attend you ev'ry day,
While far from God you stray,
O sinner come away,
And ever live

3 How many calls you've had,
I call again,
How can you be so bad,
So full of sin,
As to refuse that voice
Which calls you to rejoice,
In making heaven your choice,
And shunning hell.

4 Nor do I call alone,
The Savior too,
E'en with his dying groans,
Cries bid adieu
To all your lovers now,
And to his sceptre bow,
And he will tell you how
To live anew.

5 But if you do refuse,
Down, down, you'll go,
And with the wicked, choose
The road to wo;
Alas! how can you slight,
The rays of gospel light,
And sink in endless night,
Where silence reigns.

6 I bid you all farewell,
With aching heart,
And in deep sorrow tell,
That we must part,
While on to heaven we go,
And you are bound to wo,
Alas, it must be so,
If you rebel.

7 I look on you again
And hoping say,
Why won't you leave your sin,
And come away,
From Satan's cruel power,
And live for evermore,
And bless the joyful hour,
That life begun.

8 All hail ! we welcome then
Your happy flight,
From Kedar's tents of sin,
To glory bright ;
We'll travel on with you,
And bid this world adieu,
And endless joys pursue,
Till all is ours.

9 There we will range around,
The blissful plains,
Where pleasure has no bounds,
And glory reigns ;
We'll fall at Jesus' feet,
Where joys are all complete,
And blissful raptures meet,
For evermore.

HYMN 218. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Mourning Souls.

POOOR mourning souls, in deep distress,
Making sad lamentation,
Find themselves lost in wickedness,
And under condemnation ;
While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
And they as nought in God's account,
Are drown'd in grief and sorrow.

2 Ah ! wo is me that I was born,
Or ever had beginning ;
I would have had untimely birth,
Or had no future being ;
Or else had died when I was young,
I might have been forgiven,
I might, like babes with harmless tongue,
Been praising God in heaven.

3 But here I am in deep distress,
Most worn away with trouble ;
Day after day I seek for peace,
But find my sorrows double ;
Saith Satan, fatal is your state,
Time past you might repented ;
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented.

4 How can I live, how can I breathe,
Under this sore temptation,
Conclude my day of grace is o'er ?
Lord, hear my lamentation,

For I am weary of my life,
 Of pains and bitter crying ;
 My wants are great, my mind's in strait,
 My spirit's almost dying.

5 But who is he that looketh forth,
 Mild as the blooming morning,
 Fair as the moon, clear as the sun ?
 'Tis Jesus Christ adorning.
 Jesus can clothe my naked soul ;
 Jesus for me hath died,
 And now I can with pleasure sing,
 My wants are all supplied.

HYMN 219. Part 2d—L. M.

The Christian's solace.

THERE is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
 A heaven where pleasure never dies,
 A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
 But fear again 'tis not for me.
 But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah.
 Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 I travel through a world of foes,
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes ;
 The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
 Or reach fair Canaan's happy land.
 But Jesus, &c.

3 Come life, come death, come then what will,
 His footsteps I will follow still ;
 Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
 I shall be safe in his dear arms.
 For Jesus, &c.

4 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Captain and thy King ;
With pleasing smiles, he now looks down,
And cries, " Press on, and here's thy crown."

O Jesus, &c.

5 " Prove faithful then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head, a crown of glory gain."

O Jesus, &c.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last joyful trump shall sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

O Jesus, &c.

HYMN 220. Part 2d—L. M.

The rock.

WE'VE found the rock, the trav'lers cried,
O Halla Hallelujah !

The stone that all the prophets tried ;
O Halla Hallelujah !

Come, children, drink the balmy dew,
O Halla Hallelujah !

'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you,
O Halla Hallelujah !

2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt had made so foul !
O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood.

3 O hearken, children, Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run ;
I'm glad I ever saw the day,
That we might meet to praise and pray.

4 Here's glory, glory in my soul,
Come, mourner, feel the current roll ;
Welcome, dear friends, it's known to night,
It shines around with dazzling light.

5 And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night, but open day ;
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.

6 We'll bear the cross, and wear the crown
And by our Father's side sit down :
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.

7 His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day ;
There glitt'ring millions, we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN 221. Part 2d—11 & 12.

Invitation.

COME, brethren and sisters, that love my
dear Lord,

I pray give attention and hear to my word :
What a wonder of mercy ! behold, now I see
What a tender, kind Savior has done for poor
me.

2 I was led by the devil, till, lost and distress'd,
I thought that in torments I soon should be cast,
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith, I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died ;
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied,
The guilt was removed, I did rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witness, and voice.

4 On my low bended knees, before God I did
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all ; [fall,
The heart of this rebel, was broken in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven and peace
upon earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth ;
Your sins are forgiven, my Savior did say,
O witness, kind heaven, on this my birthday.

6 My soul, it was humbled, I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing, at length I have found ;
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with charms,
Let me die now like Simeon, with Christ in
my arms.

HYMN 222. Part 2d—L. M.

A Hymn for young converts.

WHEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing ;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold,
The love of Christ that can't be told ;
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain :
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring ;
Ring with melodious, joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel.
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.

6 The morning that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night ;
Their hearts that did with music ring,
Are now untuned in ev'ry string.

7 O ! foolish child, why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast ?
Why didst thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?

8 Come, take up arms, and face the field,
Come, gird on harness, sword, and shield,
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these blessed lines ;
For Christ, the Lord has swept the field,
And we're determined not to yield.

HYMN 223. Part 2d—L. M.

Tranquillity.

AWAY, my doubts, begone my fear,
The wonders of the Lord appear,

The wonders which my Savior wrought,
O, how delightful is the thought !

2 The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above,
When first I saw my Savior's face,
And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.

3 Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing theme,
'Twas not a fancy, nor a dream ;
'Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'lous in my eyes.

4 Long had I mourn'd like one forgot,
Long had my soul for comfort sought,
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.

5 He cleansed my soul, he changed my dress,
And clothed me with his righteousness ;
He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And I rejoiced as if in heaven.

6 How was I struck with sweet surprise,
While glory shone before my eyes !
How did I sing from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away !

7 The world with all its pomp, withdrew,
'Twas less than nothing in my view ;
Redeeming grace was all my theme,
And life appear'd an idle dream.

8 I gloried in my Savior's grace ;
I sung my great Redeemer's praise ;
My soul now long'd to soar away,
And leave her tenement of clay.

9 The powers of hell, in vain combined,
To tempt or interrupt my mind,
I saw and sung in joyful strains,
The monster, Satan, held in chains.

10 These are the wonders I record,
The marv'lous goodness of the Lord;
O for a tongue to speak his praise,
To tell the triumphs of his grace.

HYMN 224. Part 2d—11s.

Song, by a young lady.

MY soul's full of glory, it fires my tongue,
Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them
a song;

I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And call them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're assembling to hear what
I sing, [King!
Well pleased to hear mortals all praising their
O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame,
I sing in sweet raptures, of Jesus's name.

3 Sweet Spirit, attend me till Jesus come,
Protect and defend me till I'm convey'd home,
Though worms my poor body may claim as
their prey,
'Twill outshine when rising, the sun at noon-
day.

4 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd
to blood,
The world all on fire with the vengeance of
God,

While lightnings are flashing, and thunders do
 roar,
Undaunted, I'll triumph, on fair Canaan's shore.

5 The smiles of bright glory appear on my soul,
I sink in bright visions, I view the bright goal ;
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go ;
This moment, for heaven, I'd leave all below.

6 Farewell, my dear brethren, the Lord bids
 me come ;
Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going home ;
Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Savior, the spirit shall steer.

7 I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see ?
'Tis Jesus in glory, appears unto me ;
To heaven, to heaven, I'm going, I'm gone ;
All glory, O glory ! 'tis finish'd, 'tis done.

8 To the regions of glory, the Spirit has fled,
And left the frail body inactive and dead
With angelic armies, in glory to blaze,
On Jesus' fair beauty, for ever to gaze.

9 When the seals are all open'd, the trumpet
 shall sound,
And awake God's dear children that sleep un-
 der ground,
Their souls and their bodies shall all join in
 one,
And each from their Savior, receive a bright
 crown.

HYMN 225. Part 2d—7s.

The converted thief.

JESUS Christ has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One, with vile, blasphemous tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With a Savior in their view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith received, to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.

5 Lord, he pray'd, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be;
Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt be in Paradise.

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsafed in time of need;
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.

7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief!
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you has died in vain.

HYMN 226. Part 2d—C. M.

In me ye shall have peace.

YE saints, attend the Savior's voice,
Spoke in his word of grace ;
He says, and in it O rejoice !
In me ye shall have peace.

2 Though storms and tempests round you roar,
And foes and fears increase ;
He says, and what could he say more ?
In me ye shall have peace.

3 What though afflictions still abound,
Nor do temptations cease ?
He says, and O, how sweet the sound !
In me ye shall have peace.

4 What though your hearts with sorrow bleed.
And sighs and tears increase ;
He says, and O, 'tis true indeed !
In me ye shall have peace.

5 What though corruptions dwell within,
Nor does the conflict cease ?
He says, in spite of hell and sin,
In me ye shall have peace.

6 Tho' you shall pass through death's cold flood,
'To gain your wish'd release ;
He says, and sure he'll make it good,
In me ye shall have peace.

7 When you his face in glory view,
Where joy can ne'er decrease ;

Eternity shall prove it true,
In him ye shall have peace

HYMN 227. Part 2d—C. M.

Fellowship with God.

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes and thy joys,
Like fellowship with God ?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.

5 When I am made in love, to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind, the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
Or dark desertion's road ;
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

- 7 So, when the icy hand of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood ;
With joy, I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.
- 8 When I at last, to heaven ascend.
And gain my bless'd abode,
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

HYMN 228. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Finished redemption.

- H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky
“ It is finish'd ! It is finish'd ! ”
Hear the dying Savior cry !
- 2 “ It is finish'd ! ” O, what pleasure,
Do these charming words afford ;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord.
“ It is finish'd ! It is finish'd ! ”
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows,
Of the prophesying law !
Finish'd all that God has promised !
Death and hell no more shall awe.
“ It is finish'd ! It is finish'd ! ”
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food ;

Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
 As the Savior's flesh and blood,
 "It is finish'd ! It is finish'd !"
 Christ has borne the heavy load.]

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasant theme ;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Emmanuel's name.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

HYMN 229. Part 2d—C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O how I long for thee !
 When will my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold ;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
 My study long have been !
 Such sparkling light by human sight,
 Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence ?
 What folly 'tis, that I should dread
 To die, and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;
And if, here no more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart,
Shall tune the song, Free Grace.

9 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still increase,
To praise the Father and the Son,
Who brought us home to bliss.

10 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Then when we first begun.

HYMN 230. Part 2d—C. M.

*Souls won by the Spirit of Christ, should never
be parted by their different principles.*

THE world from Christians are apart ;
But shall it e'er be said,
'Mong those whom God has join'd in heart,
Are separations made ?

- 2 They're all of one eternal band,
And with one Father bless'd,
All led by the Redeemer's hand,
To the same joy and rest.
- 3 Why then should circumstantial mar
That union so divine ;
Or non-essentials ever bar
Those whom they cannot join ?
- 4 No forms or tenets can unite,
Or bring the soul to heaven ;
Then for them let no Christian fight,
Where God has all forgiven.
- 5 O God, subdue these cruel jars,
With thy cementing grace ;
Nor let the devil hold up bars,
Among the heaven-born race.
- 6 O give us that transforming flame,
Of the immortal Dove,
That those who bear thy lovely name,
May all contend for love.

HYMN 231. Part 2d—C. P. M.

Excitement to duty ; or the Lord's Day morning.

WHENE'ER I look into thy word,
And read about my dearest Lord,
The friend of sinful man ;
And trace my Savior's footsteps there,
What humble love, what holy fear,
Through all his conduct ran !

2 If I regard the matchless grace,
He show'd unto the human race,

How he for them became
A poor sojourner here below,
Oppress'd by pain and sorrow too,
I can't but love his name.

3 And when I view his love to God,
Those steps in which the Savior trod,
I long to tread them too ;
I long to be inspired with zeal,
To execute my Father's will,
As Jesus used to do.

4 I read that he, on duty bent,
To lonely places often went,
To seek his Father there :
The early morn and dewy ground,
Can witness they the Savior found,
Engaged in fervent prayer.

5 And did my Savior use to pray,
Before the light unveil'd the day,
And shall I backward be ?
No, dearest Lord, forbid the thought,
Help me to fight, as Jesus fought,
Each foe that hinders me.

6 And you, my friends, who love his name,
Who love to imitate the Lamb,
And more of Jesus know ;
Come, let us all surround the throne,
And see what blessings on his own,
Our Savior will bestow.

7 Though fears be great, temptations strong,
And though we oft have waited long,
Perhaps he may design,

This morn to give each soul to see,
And say with Paul, "he died for me,"
And the Redeemer's mine.

HYMN 232. Part 2d—L. M.

Shouting God's praise.

O GOD, my heart with love inflame,
That I may, in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice ;
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring ;
I'll sing and shout for evermore
On that eternal happy shore.

2 O Jesus, hope of glory, come,
And make my heart thy humble home ;
For the short remnant of my days,
I long to sing and shout thy praise ;
Lord, give me now a heart to pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day ;
For to give thanks in ev'ry thing,
To sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord, give me strength to shout and pray,
And praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death ;
Then sisters, brothers, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb ;
And as you march that solemn road,
Sing loud, and shout the praise of God.

4 Then you below, and I above,
We'll sing and shout the God we love,
Until that great and solemn day,
When Christ shall call our slumb'ring clay;
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout, O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?
We'll shout in vast eternity.

5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,
Then will the Ruler of the skies,
With smiling, to his children say,
Come, reign with me in endless day:
Then on that happy, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout for evermore;
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make all heaven with praises ring.

HYMN 233. Part 2d—L. M.

Him.

JOIN all, who love the Savior's name,
And sing his everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In Him for ever to rejoice.

2 Of Him, what wondrous things are told!
In Him, what glory I behold!
For Him, I gladly all things leave;
To Him, my soul for ever cleave.

3 In Him my treasure's all contain'd;
By Him, my feeble soul's sustain'd;
From Him, I all things now receive;
Through Him, my soul does daily live.

- 4 With Him, I daily love to walk;
Of Him, my soul delights to talk;
On Him, I cast my daily care;
Like Him, one day shall I appear.
- 5 Bless Him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust Him, to bring thee on the way;
Give Him, thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With Him, O never, never part.
- 6 Take Him, for strength and righteousness;
Make Him, thy refuge in distress;
Love Him, above all earthly joy,
And Him, in ev'ry thing employ.
- 7 Praise Him, in grateful, cheerful songs,
To Him, your highest praise belongs,
Bless Him, who does your Heaven prepare,
And Him, you'll praise for ever there.

HYMN 234. Part 2d—L. M.

The Christian and the Cross.

- I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now adored;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.
- 2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause,
The way he's gone, is lined with blood,
O may I tread the steps he trod.
- 3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
With those who his disciples were:
Christian, sweet name! its worth I view,
O may I wear the nature too.

4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things but dross ;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.

5 I'm not ashamed to be despised,
By those who ne'er religion prized :
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.

6 This world's vain honors will I shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run ;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Savior's not ashamed of me.

HYMN 235. Part 2d—7 & 9.

Triumph over the World.

COME, and taste along with me,
The weary pilgrim's consolation ;
Boundless mercy, full and free,
The earnest of complete salvation.
Joy and peace in Christ I find,
My heart to him is all resign'd,
The fulness of his power I prove,
My soul is all dissolved in love.
Jesus is the pilgrim's portion,
Love's as boundless as the ocean.

2 When the world and flesh arise,
And try to draw me from my Savior,
Strangers slight, and friends despise,
I then more highly prize his favor ;
Friends believe me when I tell,
If Christ be present, all is well ;
The world and flesh in vain arise,

In this I all their good despise ;
In the world I've tribulation,
But in Christ free consolation.

3 When I'm in the house of prayer,
I find him in the congregation ;
Music sweet unto my ear,
Is the sweet sound of free salvation.
When I join to sing his praise,
My heart in holy raptures raise,
I view Emmanuel's land from far,
And shout and wish my spirit there,
Glory, honor, and salvation,
What I feel is past expression.

4 Worldlings hold me in disdain,
Because I hate their carnal pleasure,
All in this that gives me pain,
Is, that they slight a noble pleasure :
But among them, bless the Lord,
There's some who tremble at his word ;
This to me doth joy impart,
To think the Lord hath reach'd their heart,
O, the grace, to mortals given,
Peace on earth, and crowns in heaven.

5 When I hear the pleasing sound,
Of weeping mourners, just converted,
The dead's alive, the lost is found,
The Lord hath heard the broken-hearted ;
My heart exults, my pleasures flow,
I love my God and brethren too,
I join, and shout, and sing aloud,
And disregard the gazing crowd :

Glorious theme of exultation,
Jesus Christ is my salvation.

6 Why should I regard the frowns
Of those, who mock, deride, and slight me,
Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,
Beyond the reach of those who hate me ;
Sorrows, toils, and suff'rings o'er,
I'll gain that blissful, happy shore
And then, with singing hosts above,
I'll sing and shout redeeming love,
Pleasures there beyond expression,
Ever roll in sweet succession.

HYMN 236. Part 2d—C. M.

The Evangelist's Farewell.

KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say farewell?
How, when our swelling sails expand,
How will our bosoms swell !

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
And tender ties, we know ;
But love, more strong than death, unites
To him that bids us go.

3 Thus, when our ev'ry passions moved,
The gushing tear-drop starts ;
The cause of Jesus, most beloved
Shall glow within our hearts.

4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

5 With the warm wish, our bosoms swell,
Our glowing powers expand;
Farewell, then we can say farewell,
Our friends, our native land!

HYMN 237. Part 2d—C. M.

The Christian's farewell.

FAREWELL, my brethren, all farewell,
I leave you with the Lord;
O may you shun the paths of hell,
By cleaving to his word.

2 You are most near and dear to me,
I have you in my heart;
Yet, the best friends must sever'd be,
So you and I must part.

3 Although I leave you for awhile,
I'll meet you once again;
And if it be not in this world,
'Twill be on Canaan's plains.

4 There we shall meet and never part,
And see the King most glorious;
With harp in hand, we all shall stand,
And strike one note melodious.

5 My counsel unto you I give,
That you do all stand fast,
In the sweet doctrine you've received,
Of being saved by grace.

6 In holiness of life and word,
And evidence of this,
Walk in the road the Lord hath said,
And you shall never miss.

- 7 And let your hab'liments be these,
Faith, hope, and charity,
Also a heavenly garment is,
The soft and bless'd humility.
- 8 And for the sword, the word of God,
With the helmet of salvation;
Then do not fear, but persevere
To heaven your habitation.

HYMN 238. Part 2d—8s.

Composed by George Whitefield.

AH! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants on earth,
Can with this dead body compare!
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with that beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

3 How bless'd is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind,
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

4 His heart is afflicted no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again;

- No anger, henceforward, or shame
 Shall redden this innocent clay;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 The passions are vanished away.
- 4 His languishing head is at rest,
 Its aching and thinking are o'er;
 This quiet, immoveable breast
 Is heaved by affliction no more!
 His heart is no longer the seat
 Of sickness and torturing pain;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 His eyes he so seldom could close,
 (By sorrow forbidden to sleep,)
 Seal'd up in a lengthy repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep,
 Those fountains can yield no supplies,
 Whose hollows, from waters are free;
 The tears are all wiped from his eyes,
 And evil he never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in this prison of earth;
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death.
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I, this moment become!
 My spirit, created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

HYMN 239. Part 2d—8 & 6.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
 To call thy ransom'd people home,

Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call ?

3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace !
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In that expected day :
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face ;
Then loud, through all the crowd, I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of boundless grace.

HYMN 240. Part 2d—H. M.

The Christian salutation.

PEACE be unto this house,
The Son of Peace draw near ;
But has thy Master's Son
A tabernacle here ?
If so, then I will here remain,
If not, adieu, I'll go again.

- 2 My Master sent me here,
His Son a bride to find,
If to him you appear,
If to him you are kind;
If so, come, go with me to-day,
If not, I'll go another way.
- 3 Lord, send thy Spirit forth,
Incline the heart also;
Lord, grant Rebecca's voice,
"I with the man will go;"
'Twould make thy servants all-rejoice,
To hear one speak with such a voice.

HYMN 241. Part 2d—P. M.

Friendship.

- THE reason we love friendship,
We'll deny to no man;
How can, how can, how can we,
Who are form'd for happiness,
Hate a loving brother?
Since Jesus, Jesus died on the tree,
To rescue sinful man,
From violence and treason,
That we might love each other,
And seek our soul's salvation.
'Twas love that moved the mighty Lord,
For to redeem the nations,
That happy, happy we might be.
- 2 On the feast-day, in ancient times,
Jesus stood and cried:
If any, any, any man
Thirst, let him come and freely drink,
And save his soul from dying.

For nothing, nothing else, surely can,
Quench the increasing thirst,
That in your heart is glowing ;
Then come and taste the streams of grace,
Which are so sweetly flowing ;
Saying, drink my love, my heavenly dove,
It is for you now flowing ;
Then happy, happy, you shall be.

3 Let us who have begun to trace
The steps of our Redeemer,
Follow, follow, follow on ;
Believing we shall overcome,
Resisting, all temptations ;
Since Jesus, Jesus, Jesus the Son,
With outstretch'd arms,
And voice that's inviting,
To purling streams of purest joy,
Is thus our souls exciting,
Let thus impart to him our hearts,
By faith and love uniting,
Then happy, happy, we shall be.

HYMN 242. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Christian fellowship and union.

COME, my Christian friends and brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land,
Come, unite, and walk together,
Christ, the Savior, gives command.
Lay aside this party spirit,
Slight your Christian friends no more,
Come, unite, and bliss inherit,
Zion's peace again restore.

2 We'll not bind a brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free,
Nor contend for non-essentials,
But in Christ united be.

Here's the word, the grand criterion,
This shall all our doctrine prove ;
Christ the centre of our union,
And the bond is Christian love.

3 Here my hand, my heart and spirit,
Now in fellowship I give ;
Now we'll love and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live.
Now we're one in Christ our Savior,
Male nor female, bond nor free ;
Christ is all in all for ever,
And we're happy, Lord, in thee.

4 Now we'll preach and pray together,
Praise, give thanks, and shout, and sing ;
Now we'll strengthen one another,
And adore our Heavenly King.
Now we'll join in sweet communion,
Round the table of our Lord ;
Lord, confirm our Christian union,
By thy spirit and thy word.

5 Now the world will be constrained
To believe in Christ our King ;
Thousands, thousands, be converted,
Round the earth his praises ring.
Happy day ! O joyful hour,
Thank the Lord, his name we bless ;
Send thy word, my Lord, with power,
Fill the world with righteousness.

HYMN 243. Part 2d—L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

THE gloomy night had gather'd o'er,
And loud was heard the tempest's roar;
The flattering day of joy had fled,
My youthful dreams forsook my head,
Deep, sullen night with all its gloom,
Now threaten'd death, my instant doom!
A rising cloud conceal'd each gem,
It hid the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Dark was the cloud of sin that rose,
While fear my sinking spirits froze;
The gathering storm I view'd with dread,
God's vengeance lowering round my head.
'Midst lightning's flash and thunder's roar,
I saw the distant torrent pour,
In darkness left its force to stem,
I sought the Star of Bethlehem.

3 I view'd the dark beclouded sky,
Where many an orb once caught my eye,
Their borrow'd rays now veil'd in light,
No more my darken'd mind could light.
But as I search'd with tearful eyes,
I saw a glorious orb arise;
With joy I view'd a radiant gem,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Sweet hope then hail'd the rising day,
And chased foreboding fear away;
The gathering cloud soon wing'd its flight,
And I with joy embraced the light,
O, that sweet light to me is dear;

And as it glides from year to year,
The fairest in night's diadem,
I'll sing the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 244. Part 2d—7 & 6.

The Christian Sailor.

THE people called Christians,
Have many things they tell,
About the land of Canaan,
Where saints and angels dwell;
But sin, a dreadful ocean,
Encloses them around,
With its tides still divides them
From Canaan's happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient
To find a passage through,
And, with united vigor,
Have tried what they could do;
But vessels built by human skill
Have never sailed far,
Till we found them aground
On some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting gospel
Has launch'd to the deep at last;
Behold her sails extended
Around her towering mast;
Around her deck in order,
Her joyful converts stand,
Crying, "O, here we go
T' Emmanuel's happy land!"

4 To all that stand spectators
What anguish will ensue,

To hear their old companions
Bid them a long adieu ;
The pleasure of your paradise
Can us no more invite,
While we sail you may rail,
But we'll soon be out of sight.

5 We're now on the wide ocean,
We bid this world farewell ;
And where we shall cast anchor,
No human tongue can tell :
About our future destiny
There needs no more debate,
While we ride on the tide,
With the captain and the mate.

6 The passengers united,
In order, peace and love ;
The wind all in their favor,
How sweetly they do move ;
The tempest now assails us,
The raging billows roar !
We will sweep through the deep,
Till we reach that blessed shore.

HYMN 245. Part 2d—10 & 8.

The impartial song.

THE great God of love has shown us the way
And taught us the impartial song ;
The spirit is come, and the work has begun,
And we are all united in one.

2 Now sin begins to die, grace gains the victory,
And pride falls a prey to the ground ;

We lift up our heads as we rise from the dead,
And the glory of God shines around.

3 Salvation we see for all is most free,
'The members of Christ are all one ;
We'll march uniform, and with courage face
the storm,
In the battle our Savior's begun.

4 United in one, the race we will run,
Press forward by faith without fear ;
Such glory pursue, as the world never knew,
Never will till the gospel they hear.

5 The reprover of sin hath shown us the way,
The Comforter leads us along ; [field,
The book is unseal'd, Judah's Lion takes the
As he learns us the impartial song.

6 Now let us be true, our journey pursue,
Tow'rd heav'n our glorious home ; [cord,
Press on by the word, Christ has left on re-
Singing glory to Jesus—Amen.

HYMN 246. Part 2d—L. M.

The Royal Proclamation.

HEAR the Royal Proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publish'd unto ev'ry creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious ;
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds boldly crying,
"Rebel sinners ! royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Savior."

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Ye who wrought your own undoing ;
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified ;
Conquer'd death and rose to heaven,
Life eternal through him given.

5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly.
Turn, O turn unto the Savior,
Turn, or you are lost for ever.

6 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises !

7 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money ;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

8 Shout ! ye tongues of every nation,
Christ has died for your salvation ;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the prince of your salvation.

9 Shout ! ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ has died for your redemption ;

Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion ;

10 Now our souls have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher !
Angels shout the joyful story,
Through that brighter world of glory.

HYMN 247. Part 2d—8 & 6.

The Christian Uniform.

DRESS'D uniform, Christ's soldiers are,
When duty calls abroad ;
Not purchased by their cost or care,
But by their Prince bestowed ;
Christ's soldiers eat the bread of God,
Wear regimental dress ;
'Tis heav'nly white, and faced with red,
'Tis Christ our righteousness.

2 No art of man can weave this robe,
'Tis of such mixture fine,
Nor could the worth of all the globe
By purchase make it mine :
'Tis of one piece and wove throughout,
So curiously that none
Can dress up in this uniform,
Till Jesus puts it on.

3 The vesture never waxes old,
No spot thereon can fall ;
It makes the soldier strong and bold,
And dutiful withal.
Lord, dress me in this robe each day,
And it shall hide my shame ;

Shall make me fight 'gainst sin, and pray,
And bless my Captain's name.

4 How firm and bold Christ's soldiers are,
When dress'd up in this robe ;
They look like men equipp'd for war,
Or like the sons of God ;
Their shield is faith, their helmet, hope,
And thus they march Christ's road,
Christ's spirit is their glitt'ring sword,
They act their part for God.

HYMN 248. Part 2d—P. M.

The pure testimony.

THE pure testimony is pour'd forth in the
Cuts like a keen two-edged sword ; [spirit,
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
Because they're condemn'd by the word :
The pure testimony discovers its dross, [cross,
While wicked professors make light of the
But Babylon trembles for fear of the loss.

2 Is not the time come for the church to be
gather'd

Into the one Spirit of God ?

Baptized by one Spirit into the one body,
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood ; [see,
They drink to one Spirit which makes them all
They're one in Christ Jesus wherever they be,
The Jews and the Gentiles, the bond and the
free.

3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony ;
And let the world hear it again ;

O come ye from Babylon, Egypt, and Sodom,
And make your way over the plain :
And gird on your armor, ye saints of the Lord,
And he will direct you by his living word ;
The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

4 The great prince of darkness is must'ring
his forces,
To make you his pris'ners again,
By flatt'ries, reproaches, and vile persecu-
tions,
That you in his cause may remain ;
But shun his temptations wherever they lay,
And fear not his servants whatever they say,
The pure testimony will give you the day.

5 The world will not persecute those who are
like them,
But hold them the same as their own ;
The pure testimony cries up separation,
And calls you your lives to lay down :
Come out from their spirit and practices too :
The track of the Savior keep full in your view,
The pure testimony will cut the way through.

6 A battle is coming between the two king-
The armies will gather anon ; [doms,
The pure testimony and vile persecution
Will come to close battle ere long.
Then wash all your robes in the blood of the
Lamb,
And walk in the spirit as Jesus has done ;
In pure testimony you will overcome.

HYMN 249. Part 2d—P. M.

There remaineth a rest to the children of God.

SWEET were the cheering words that
broke

From our Redeemer when he spoke,

Of mansions for the bless'd ;

His saints again his face shall see,

And where he is they too shall be,

In realms of endless rest.

2 Yes, there's a rest for saints on high,

A rest prepared for those who die,

Reclining on his breast—

The weary pilgrim homeward turns,

While in his bosom anxious burns,

The hope of future rest.

3 How light the ills of time appear,

How short the state of suffering here,

If but in Jesus bless'd ;

The way-worn trav'ler undismay'd,

Espies beyond death's gloomy shade,

A heaven of endless rest.

4 O 'tis but just a step between,

This mortal state and that unseen

Abode of myriads bless'd ;

And oft my soul is in a strait

More anxious to depart than wait

To find the promised rest.

5 Hail, precious moments, as ye fly !

In swift succession hasten nigh

Release to the oppress'd ;
Come, welcome death, and friendly grave,
Gladly I'd pass the chilling wave,
And enter endless rest.

HYMN 250. Part 2d—C. P. M.

Evening.

THE sun is set, the day is closed,
The night is calm, the world composed,
And cares are laid aside ;
So fly my days without control,
Like rolling spheres around the pole,
Or swift as meteors glide.

2 My life at best is but a span,
Few are the days allow'd to man,
To number here in pain ;
Each moment clips the little space,
Contracts the span, cuts short the race,
And winds the mortal chain.

3 Soon will the wheel to pieces break,
The fountain dry, the fabric shake,
And night its curtain spread ;
My sun must set, my night will come,
This feeble form in yonder tomb,
Must mingle with the dead.

4 Well, if my days must end so soon,
My morning sun go down at noon,
The present I'll improve ;
I'll watch the moments as they fly,
Improve them all as they pass by,
And serve the God I love.

5 I'll strive to make my calling sure,
To gain the mark, the prize secure,
And wait th' immortal crown;
I'll take the cross, the shame despise,
I'll seek a mansion in the skies,
And there with Christ sit down.

6 Then break, thou wheel, thou cord, untie,
Thou fabric fail, thou fountain dry,
And night thy curtains spread;
Go down, my sun, wind up, my chain,
Contract, my span, and end, my pain,
And lodge me with the dead.

HYMN 251. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Fall of Babylon.

HAIL the day so long expected !
Hail the year of full release;
Zion's walls are now erected,
And her watchmen publish peace.
Through the Shiloh's wide dominion,
Hear the trumpet loudly roar,
Babylon is falling, is falling, is falling,
Babylon is falling to rise no more.

2 All her merchants stand with wonder,
"What is this that comes to pass,"
Murm'ring like the distant thunder,
Crying, "O, alas ! alas !"
Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Priests and people, rich and poor,
Babylon is falling, &c.

3 Sing aloud, ye heavenly choir,
 Shout, ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
 See the city all on fire,
 How it sinks beneath the flame !
 Now's the day of compensation
 On the mystic, drunk with gore ;
 Babylon is falling, &c.

4 Blow the trumpet in mount Zion,
 Christ will come the second time,
 Ruling with a rod of iron,
 All who now as foes combine.
 Babel's garments we've rejected,
 And the wedge of golden ore ;
 Babylon is falling, &c.

HYMN 252. Part 2d—S. M.

Penitence.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief,
 Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see !
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee !

3 He wept, that we might weep,
 Each sin demands a tear ;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 253. Part 2d—11s.

The bower of Prayer.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,

And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
From that bless'd retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,

And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the ever-green there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Savior in prayer.

3 The early, shrill notes of a loved nightingale,
That dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine; [pine,
But sweeter, O sweeter superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my Savior oft deigned to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat,
Oft fill'd me with raptures and blessedness there,

Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,

And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Savior resides ev'ry where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

7 Although I shall never revisit the shade,
But oft shall I think of the vows I have made,

And while at a distance, my mind will repair,
To the place where my Savior, first answer'd
my prayer.

HYMN 254. Part 2d—H. M.

Dedicatory Hymn.

- T**O God who built the sky,
Who form'd the earth and sea,
Who bade the comets fly,
And order'd by decree,
The planets in their course to run,
And order keep, till time is done :
- 2 To thee, thou God of might,
Our humble songs we raise,
With angels robed in light,
We tune our hearts to praise,
Creation's God and nature's King—
Accept the sacrifice we bring.
- 3 O let thy Spirit shine,
Upon this chosen place ;
And in thy light divine,
Reveal the way of grace
Teach us to know thy righteous will,
That we thy precepts may fulfil.
- 4 Here, oft within these walls,
Thy presence, Lord, reveal ;
And to the gospel calls
Affix thy sacred seal ;
Make truth to reach the sinner's heart,
And to thy saints new strength impart.
- 5 Here may the poor be fed,
All who thy grace would prove,

Partake of living bread,
Which comes from heaven above.

Here may the sick a balsam find,
To cure the anguish of the mind.

6 Here may the weary soul,
With guilt and fear oppress'd ;
Partake of blessings full,
And find the promised rest.
Cause trembling souls to lose their fear,
The dumb to speak, the deaf to hear.

7 Our off'ring, Lord, is thine,
This house was built for thee ;
O make thy presence shine
On it continually :
Within these walls, display thy grace,
And sanctify this chosen place.

HYMN 255. Part 2d—C. M.

Another.

LORD of eternal truth divine,
Of heaven, and earth, and sea ;
Descend, and own this house of thine
We dedicate to thee.

2 Here let thy glory, like a cloud,
Descend and fill the place ;
And look with mercy on the crowd,
Who wait before thy face.

3 The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The God whom we adore ;
Yet he descends and dwells with men,
By his Almighty power.

4 Lord, here we meet to preach, and pray,
And hear, and think, and sing :
And consecrate this house to-day,
A temple to our King.

5 Here let thy servants boldly stand,
And here the gospel teach,
And diff'rent orders in the land,
May here collect and preach.

6 Here let thy saints of ev'ry name,
Forget their party zeal ;
The deaf, and dumb, and blind, and lame,
May here salvation feel.

7 O bless the men of lib'ral heart,
Whose treasures have been given,
To build the house we set apart,
And consecrate to heaven.

8 May they have blessings more divine,
A treasure in the skies,
When sun and moon forbear to shine,
And old creation dies.

9 Let peace and glory be the lot,
Of all assembled here ;
And angels guard the holy spot
And house, from year to year,

10 Till time shall sweep the present age,
To mingle with their dust :
And children's children fill the stage,
Now occupied by us.

HYMN 256. Part 2d—L. M.

Another.

GREAT Architect of heaven and earth,
To whom all nature owes its birth :
Thou spake, and vast creation stood,
Survey'd the work—pronounced it good.

2 Lord, canst thou deign to own and bless
This humble dome, this sacred place ?
Oh let thy Spirit's presence shine,
Within these walls, this house of thine.

3 'Twas rear'd in honor of thy name,
Here kindle, Lord, the sacred flame ;
O make it burn in ev'ry heart,
And never from this place depart.

4 Here may the gospel's lib'ral truth,
Instruct the aged and the youth ;
Nor let illib'ral party zeal,
E'er mar the union Christians feel.

5 Let life divine here seize the dead,
Here may the starving poor be fed ;
Here may the mourner comfort find,
Here cure the deaf, the dumb, the blind.

6 Lord, here the wants of all supply,
And fit our souls to dwell on high ;
From service in this humble place,
Raise us to praise thee face to face.

HYMN 257. Part 2d—C. M.

" Father, forgive."

ERE yet he bow'd his sacred head,
With scoffing foes in view,

“Father, forgive them,” Jesus pray’d,
“They know not what they do.”

2 Yes, on the cross the Lamb I see,
I hear the fervent prayer ;

“Father, forgive” included me,
I help’d to nail him there.

3 ’Twas cruel sin his body tore,
Mine help’d to do the deed ;
Sin’s pond’rous load his body bore,
Sin made him groan and bleed.

4 But O, what love, what wondrous love,
Ran with the crimson tide ;
God’s only Son from heaven above,
Wept, pitied, pray’d, and died !

5 Lord, let thy love subdue my soul,
Keep me from day to day ;
That I may love without control,
May love, forgive, and pray.

HYMN 258. Part 2d—L. M.

The Harvest.

THIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sowers came to sow,
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares
(For so the word of truth declares ;)
And soon the reaping time will come
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 To love my sins, a saint appear,
To grow in wheat and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,

Where tares and wheat together grow ;
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

3 Most awful truth, and is it so ?
Must all mankind the harvest know ?
Is ev'ry man a wheat or tare ?
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare ;
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

4 Then all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom soon shall see ;
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell—O ! doleful sound !
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

HYMN 259. Part 2d—P. M.

Bruce's Address transposed.

CHRISTIANS, Christ for you hath bled,
He for you the way hath led.
Welcome to the Christian war,
Crowns and victory.
Now's the day, and now's the hour
See the front of battle low'r,
See, approach Apollyon's power,
Chains and slavery.

2 Who will be a traitor knave ?
Who will fill a Judas' grave ?
Or to Satan be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee.
Who for Zion's King and Lord,

Freedom's two-edged sword will guard,
Fighting for the great reward?
Let him follow on.

3 Bigots war and give us pain,
Sects will treat us with disdain,
Seek our sentiments to stain,
Yet we will be free.

Lay the proud and haughty low,
Satan, sin, and ev'ry foe;
Let us full salvation know,
Through Emmanuel.

4 Then we'll joyful sing in death,
Shouting with our latest breath,
Gladly bid adieu to earth,
With triumphant faith.
Then we'll reach th' immortal shore,
War and battles rage no more,
To eternity we'll soar,
Endless crowns to share.

HYMN 260. Part 2d—P. M.

The Pilgrim's consolation.

A FEW more days of grief and wo,
A few more suff'ring scenes below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow;
And give to Jesus glory.

2 Come, who will march to win the prize,
And take the kingdom in the skies,
Where joy nor friendship never dies,

But always reign in Paradise,
And give to Jesus glory !

3 Come, parents, children, bond and free,
Say, will you go to heaven with me,
That glorious land of rest to see,
Where we shall dwell eternally,
And give to Jesus glory ?

4 My soul grows happy while I sing,
I feel that I am on the wing,
We'll shout salvation to our King,
And each to heaven our trophies bring,
And give to Jesus glory.

5 The beauteous fields of living green,
Through faith the telescope, are seen,
Though Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And give to Jesus glory.

6 The rose and lily there shall stand,
In holy bloom at God's right hand,
O how I long for Canaan's land,
To join that holy, happy band,
And give to Jesus glory.

7 Our tears shall all be wiped away,
And Christians no more go astray,
But with our Savior there to stay,
And dwell with him in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

HYMN 261. Part 2d—L. M.

AS fades the landscape from the sight,
When evening shades obscure the light ;

So fade, alas ! the joys of earth,
And wither ere they scarce have birth.

2 As fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die.

3 As fades our friendship's early joy,
The seeming gold is half alloy ;
That tie which binds the human heart,
The closer drawn, will sooner part.

4 Thus fade our sweetest comforts here,
Our dearest friends soon disappear ;
When the loud call from God is given,
They sleep in death to wake in heaven.

5 But there are joys that never fade,
Where these privations ne'er invade,
Where virtue its reward shall prove,
And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN 262. Part 2d—9 & 8.

The valley of repose.

LOW down in this beautiful valley, [lowly,
Where love crowns the meek and the
Where loud storms of envy and folly,
May roll on their billows in vain,
The low soul in humble subjection,
Shall here find unshaken protection,
The soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.

2 This low vale is far from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,
No dark wiles of evil invention,
Can find out this region of peace ;
O there, there, the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of this beautiful river,
Which flows peace for ever and ever,
Where love and joy will ever increase.

HYMN 263. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Gratitude for a Savior.

HAIL ! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail ! thou Galilean king ;
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail ! thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame ;
By thy fulness we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.

2 Precious Lamb ! by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou art all unto us made,
All our sins are now forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Open is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive :
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Savior's merits,
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

HYMN 264. Part 2d—C. M.

Joys of Heaven.

WHAT scenes of glory strike my sense,
 While earth recedes from sight !
 While on faith's pinions, far from hence,
 I take the wondrous flight !

2 How mean are all the toys of earth,
 Compared to joys divine !
 I envy not the sinner's mirth,
 For what is his to mine ?

3 No mortal eye hath yet perceived,
 Nor mortal ear hath heard,
 Nor heart hath yet the bliss conceived,
 God hath for saints prepared.

4 Eternal round of ceaseless joy !
 Transporting, rapt'rous thought ;
 There, saints shall feast without alloy,
 O, what hath Jesus bought !

5 Millions of years may roll away,
Still joys are ever new ;
'Twill be but one eternal day,
And that a Sabbath too.

6 To call such lasting pleasures mine,
And gain that bless'd abode,
I all the joys of sin resign,
And glory in my God.

HYMN 265. Part 2d—8 & 7.

Frailty and felicity.

BORN in anguish, nursed in sorrow,
Journeying through a shadowy span,
Fresh with health to-day, to-morrow
Cold and lifeless—such is man.
Scarce produced to light, ere dying,
Like the fancied vision flying ;
Scarcely budding forth, when blighted,
Dust to dust again united.

2 Richly shines the rainbow glowing,
Lightly laughs the morning beam,
Sweetly smells the flow'ret blooming,
Deeply rolls the mountain stream .
But the heavenly bow hath faded,
And the morning beam is shaded,
And to earth the flower has hasted,
And the mountain stream hath wasted.

3 Yet, though pass'd awhile, these lie not
Ever in destruction's chain ;
Though the flowers may fade, they die not,
Spring shall wake their buds again ;

Morning's smiles again shall brighten,
And the storm the rainbow lighten,
And the torrent, (summer finish'd,)
Roll its waters undiminish'd.

4 Man, alone, when death hath bound him,
Moulders in the silent grave ;
Of the friends, who once were round him,
None to succor, none to save.
Then, when night and gloom assail thee,
And thy strength and glory fail thee,
And thy boasted beauty waneth,
Cold—in darkness—what remaineth ?

5 Cheering splendor yet attends us,
'Midst these scenes of deepest gloom ;
'Tis our hope in Christ defends us
From the terrors of the tomb.
When we leave this vale of sadness,
'Tis to share unmingled gladness ;
O, the happy—happy greeting,
Jesus—and our friends then meeting.

HYMN 266. Part 2d—C. M.

The marriage of the Lamb.

THE splendid scene presents to sight,
And faith declares it near ;
When, to receive his heart's delight,
The Savior will appear.

2 On a white throne, with glory crown'd,
His majesty descends ;
Behold the nations gath'ring round,
From earth's remotest ends.

- 3 Before his grand, imperial throne,
At his impartial bar,
The num'rous worlds are seen and known,
Assembled from afar.
- 4 The book of life is in his hand,
Its sacred lids unfold,
The pages where the righteous stand,
In characters of gold.
- 5 Behold his smiling countenance,
Hark, hear his charming voice,
"Come, share in my inheritance,
Thou fairest of my choice."
- 6 He's come to welcome home his bride,
To everlasting rest ;
Adorn'd with glory by his side,
She's pass'd the solemn test.
- 7 Then to the marriage of the Lamb,
To mansions rear'd above ;
The city of the great I AM,
Jesus transports his love.
- 8 In spacious mansions in the skies,
Around the sapphire throne,
Anthems of praise seraphic rise,
Celestial joys are known.

HYMN 267. Part 2d—C. M.

Devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 268. Part 2d—S. M.

The love of Jesus.

MY Jesus, thou hast taught
This heart to love but thee;
The sweetest joys below are fraught
With emptiness to me.

- 2 If sorrow shades my eyes,
It is when thou art fled;
Deep in the dust my spirit lies,
And mourns its comforts dead.

- 3 The world has lost its power
To sooth this inward pain;
To me it is a faded flower,
That cannot bloom again.
- 4 But when thy smile appears,
To chase my gloom away,
How bursts my song; how sink my fears;
My night is turn'd to day.
- 5 Then, Lord, no more permit
This heart from thee to rove;
O that I might for ever sit
At thy dear feet, and love.

HYMN 269. Part 2d—L. M.

Closet Hymn.

- W**HEN, O my Savior, shall this heart
So feel the influence of thy grace,
That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart,
But live around that hallow'd place?
- 2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,
If Jesus be not with me there;
All worldly joys compared with him,
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.
- 3 O could I live beneath his smile,
And lean upon his sacred breast;
No fond allurements should beguile
A heart so privileged—so bless'd.
- 4 Come then, my Savior, and constrain
This wayward soul, nor let it rove;
Recall me to thine arms again,
And bind me there with cords of love.

HYMN 270. Part 2d—11s & 10s.

Jesus my Hope.

O JESUS my hope, for me offer'd up, [top ;
 Who with clamor pursued thee to Calvary's
 The blood thou hast shed, for me let it plead,
 And declare thou hast-died for my murderous
 deed.

2 Neither passion nor pride thy cross can abide,
 But melts in the fountain that flows from thy
 side ;

Let thy life-giving blood wash away all my
 And purge my foul conscience & bring me to God.

3 Come then, from above, my doubts all remove,
 And vanquish my heart with a sense of thy love ;
 Thy love on the tree display unto me,
 And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

4 Now, now, let me know its fulness below,
 Let it wash me and I shall be whiter than snow ;
 Let it hallow my heart and thoroughly convert,
 And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

5 Each moment applied my weakness to hide,
 Thy blood be upon me and always abide ;
 Mine advocate prove with the Father above,
 And take me at last to the throne of thy love.

HYMN 271. Part 2d—L. M.

The River of Life.

GREAT source of being and of love !
 Thou waterest all the worlds above ;
 And all the joys which mortals know,
 From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
 From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,

Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 This gentle stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course ;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.

4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear ;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruits the nations live.

5 Flow, wond'rous stream ! with glory crown'd
Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave—
To him who all thy virtues gave.

HYMN 272. Part 2d—7s.

" Lovest thou me ? "

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord !
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word,
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee !
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?

2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
'Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 " Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ;
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,

Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more !

HYMN 273. Part 2d—S. M.

Now the accepted Time.

NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come, without delay
And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay ?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

HYMN 274. Part 2d—C. M.

God's gracious Call to Sinners.

RETURN, O wanderer—now return !
And seek thy Father's face !
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return; O wanderer—now return !
 He hears thy humble sigh :
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return !
 Thy Savior bids thee live :
 Come to his feet—and grateful learn,
 How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return !
 And wipe the falling tear :
 Thy Father calls—no longer mourn !
 'Tis love invites thee near.

HYMN 275. Part 2d—8 & 7.

The Evangelist's Farewell.

NOW my time is come for going,
 Now my heart begins to swell,
 While the silent tear is falling,
 Scarce can say, my friends farewell.
 Yet, farewell to each believer,
 Where my God commands I'll fly ;
 We must part, but not for ever,
 We shall meet above the sky.

2 While I range through distant regions,
 Far from friends I hold most dear ;
 While o'er souls, exposed to ruin,
 Oft I shed the anxious tear ;
 Still my mind with warm affection,
 Fondly will revert to you :
 Time nor distance cannot sever
 Me from those I bid adieu.

- 3 Say you will your feeblest servant,
On your faithful spirits bear ;
When your faith and love are fervent,
Will you mention me in prayer ?
Surely, on my mind I'll bear you,
Though we may far off remove ;
Yet my spirit shall be with you,
Till we take our seats above.
- 4 Now my soul, in hope exulting,
Looks beyond death's chilly waves,
Where the saints with whom I've parted,
I shall meet beyond the grave :
There to meet, o'er Jordan's billows,
Safe within the promised land.
I to God, in love commend you,
And must give the *parting hand*.

HYMN 276. Part 2d—L. M.

Descent of the Holy Spirit.

BLESS'D day ! when our ascended Lord
Fulfilled his own prophetic word ;
Sent down his Spirit, to inspire
His saints, baptized with noly fire.

2 While by his power these signs were wrought
While divers tongues his wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave—
That Jesus died the world to save !

3 Sure peace with God !—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round ;
Relenting foes his grace receive,
And humble myriads hear and live !

HYMN 277. Part 2d—L. M.

The Spirit's Influence compared to Water.

BLESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine !
 Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
 Or we must droop, and fall and die.

2 No trav'ler through the desert lands,
 'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
 More needs the current to obtain,
 Or to enjoy refreshing rain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
 Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring ;
 To a redundant river flow,
 And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this bless'd torrent near our side,
 Through all the desert gently glide ;
 Then, in Emmanuel's land above,
 Spread to a sea of joy and love !

HYMN 278. Part 2d—L. M.

To guide.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above ;
 Be thou our guardian—thou our guide !
 O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
 And make us know and choose thy way :
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
 Which we must take to dwell with God ;

Lead us to Christ—the living way ;
Nor let us from his pasture stray.

4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with him for ever bless'd :
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there !

HYMN 279. Part 2d—L. M.

To prepare for worship.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm each mind,
And fit us to approach our God ;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead us to thy bless'd abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of holy fire ?
Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame ;
Make us to burn with pure desire.

3 Still brighter faith and hope impart,
And let us now our Savior see :
Oh ! sooth and cheer each burden'd heart.
And bid our spirits rest in thee.

HYMN 280. Part 2d—C. M.

GREAT Father of each perfect gift
Behold thy servants wait ;
With longing eyes—and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 Oh shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Bless'd earnest of eternal joy,
 Declare our sins forgiven;
 And bear, with energy divine,
 Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

HYMN 281. Part 2d—L. M.

Prayer for the return of the Spirit.

LORD, in the temples of thy grace,
 Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
 Here have we seen thy glory shine
 With power and majesty divine.

2 Return, O Lord, our spirits cry;
 Our graces droop; our comforts die;
 Return, and let thy glories rise
 Again to our admiring eyes;

3 Till, fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
 Thy courts below, like those above,
 Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
 Till heaven and earth resound with praise.

HYMN 282. Part 2d—L. M.

Divine influence compared to rain.

THE dews and rains, in all their store,
 Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
 Are not so copious as that grace
 Which sanctifies and saves our race.

2 As in soft silence, vernal showers
 Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;
 So, in the secrecy of love,
 Falls the sweet influence from above.

3 That heav'nly influence let us find
 In holy silence of the mind,

While ev'ry grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

4 Nor let these blessings be confined
To us, but pour'd on all mankind :
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

HYMN 283. Part 2d—C. M.

Prayer for Divine help.

OH help us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heav'nly succor give ;
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh help us through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh help us, Father, from on high,
We know no help but thee ;
Oh ! help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

HYMN 284. Part 2d—7s.

Hearts of Stone.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
See his body, mangled—rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood ;

Sinful soul, what hast thou done !
Murder'd God's beloved Son.

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix'd him there,
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear ;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue your Lord ;
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood ?
No ! with all your sins I'll part,
Savior, take my broken heart.

HYMN 285. Part 2d—8 & 4.

The Love of Jesus.

THERE'S a friend above all others,
Oh, how he loves !
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves !
Earthly friends may fail and leave us
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how he loves !

2 Blessed Jesus ! wouldst thou know him,
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief and trials tease thee ?
Jesus can from all release thee.

3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,
Dost thou love ? He will not leave thee ;

Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrows.

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee.

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation.

6 Let us still this love be viewing,
And though faint, keep on pursuing,
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever.

HYMN 286. Part 2d—8s.

"My beloved is mine."

MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name;
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ;
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,

To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing ;
To view with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Savior, my King.

3 My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amid a bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd.
O when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love !

4 No sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,
Perfection of glory reigns there.
This soul, and this body shall shine,
In robes of salvation and praise ;
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.

5 Soon, soon, shall my spirit exchange,
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day.
The crown that my Savior bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine !
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

HYMN 287. Part 2d—8 & 4.

The Gospel Trumpet.

HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, with redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail, all-victorious, conq'ring Lord,
By all the heav'nly hosts adored ;
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conq'ring saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear,
In endless day.

4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt ;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through his word,
And sail by faith upon that flood
To endless day.

5 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move ;
And that shall be the theme above,
In endless day.

HYMN 288. Part 2d—S. M.

Giving the whole heart.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
My Jesus to receive!
Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I sink by dying love compell'd
And own thee conqueror.

2 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer! take, O take,
And seal me ever thine:
Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.

3 My one desire be this,
Only thy love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My hope, my heav'nly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

HYMN 289. Part 2d—7s D.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found:

Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest'd ;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 Oh, receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave ;
 Mine, the God whom you adore ;
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my soul no more,
 Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain and loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power ;
 Welcome, poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's power !
 "Follow me !" I know thy voice ;
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see :
 Now I take thy yoke by choice,
 Light's thy burden now to me.

HYMN 290. Part 2d—11, 8 & 7.

If life's pleasures charm thee.

IF life's pleasures charm thee, give them not
 thy heart,
 Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part;
 His favour seek, his praises speak,
 Fix here thy hope's foundation ;
 Serve him, and he will ever be
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
 Let not grief appall thee, to thy Savior flee .

He ever near, thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation ;
 The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not
 distress, [bless ;

Better comforts wait thee, Christ will freely
 To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,
 Thy heavenly consolation ;
 For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not
 alarm, [harm,

Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from
 He near thee stands with mighty hands,
 To ward off each temptation ;
 To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from
 his blow, [stow.

For thy God shall arm thee, and vict'ry be-
 For death shall bring to thee no sting,

The grave no desolation ;
 'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

HYMN 291. Part 2d—11s.

I would not live always.

I WOULD not live always, I ask not to stay,
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way ;

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
 cheer.

2 I would not live always, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live always : no—welcome the
tomb, [gloom :
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who would live always, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns .

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll.
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul

HYMN 292. Part 2d—L. M. D.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye :
Hark ! Hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem ;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a Star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark foreboding cease;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 293. Part 2d—7 & 5.

Soldiers of the Cross.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
 Lo! your leader from the skies
 Waves before you glory's prize,
 The prize of victory.
 Seize your armor—gird it on;
 The battle's yours, it will be won;
 Though fierce the strife, 'twill soon be done;
 Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
 Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;
 Now he leads you on, to swell
 The triumph's of his cross.
 Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt or who can fear?
 "God our strength and shield" is near;
 We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
 Jesus points the victor's rod;

Follow where your leader trod ;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
The crown of glory you shall gain,
And walk among that glorious train,
Who shout their Savior's praise.

HYMN 294. Part 2d—11s.

The young man's experience.

COME all ye young people of ev'ry nation,
Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell
How I was first call'd to seek for salvation
In Jesus, my Lord, who redeem'd me from hell.
I was not past sixteen when first I was call'd
To think of my soul and the state I was in ;
I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus,
Between him and me was a mountain of sin.

2 The Devil perceiving that I was awaken'd,
He strove to persuade me that I was too young,
He said I'd get weary before my days ended,
And wish I had never so early begun : [partial,
Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was
While he was a setting the poor sinner free,
That I was forgotten, a cast-out, like Esau,
That there was no mercy at all for poor me.

3 But glory to Jesus, his love's not confined
To princes or persons of noble degree :
His love it is boundless, to all it's extended,
He died for poor sinners while nail'd to the tree.
Thus while I lay groaning in deep lamentation,
My soul overwhelm'd with sorrow and pain ;
He drew nigh in mercy, look'd on me with pity,
He pardon'd my sins and his grace I obtain'd.

4 So now I've found favor in Jesus my Savior,
 And all his commands I'm bound to obey ;
 I'll follow my Savior in whom I've found favor,
 Till he shall see cause for to call me away ; [you
 So farewell, young people, since I can't persuade
 To leave off your follies and go with a friend ;
 I'll follow my Savior in whom I've found favor,
 My days in his service I'm bound for to spend.

HYMN 295. Part 2d—7 & 9.

The Recruiting Orders.

HARK ! brethren, don't you hear the sound'
 The martial trumpets now are blowing,
 Men in order listing round,
 And soldiers to the standard flowing.
 Bounty offer'd, joy and peace
 To ev'ry soldier this is given,
 When from toils of war they cease,
 A mansion bright prepared in heaven.

2 Those who long in debt have laid,
 And felt the hand of dire oppression,
 All their debts are freely paid,
 And they endow'd with large possessions ;
 Those that sick, or blind, or lame,
 Their maladies are also heal'd,
 Outlaw'd rebels, when they come,
 Receive a pardon freely seal'd.

3 The battle is not to the strong,
 The burden's on our captain's shoulder ;
 None so aged nor so young,
 But may enlist and be a soldier.
 Those who cannot fight nor fly,
 Beneath his banner find protection,

- None who on his name rely,
Shall be reduced to base subjection.
- 4 You need not fear, the cause is good,
Come who will to the crown aspire,
In this cause the martyrs bled,
Or shouted vict'ry in the fire ;
In this cause let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we've gain'd the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.
- 5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the army now in motion ;
Some by faith behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark ! the victor's singing loud,
Emmanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.
- 6 Hark, ye rebels ! come and list ;
The officers are now recruiting,
Why will you in sin persist,
Or spend your time in vain disputing.
All your cavils sure are vain,
For if you do not sue for favor,
Down you'll sink in endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God for ever.

HYMN 296. Part 2d—C. P. M.

Creation.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,

And praise th' Almighty's name ;
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair ;
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound ;
While all the adoring thrones around,
His boundless mercy sing :
Let every listening ear above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

4 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
Thou, dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid ;
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

5 Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow :
Ye dragons, sound his awful name,
To heaven aloud ; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;

Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

HYMN 297. Part 2d—C. P. M.

Perfect confidence.

ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be heal'd.

2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There, God is all in all.

4 In God, my strength, howe'er distress'd,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love;
My ling'ring soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

HYMN 298. Part 2d—12 & 11.

The Eden of Love.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that
await me,

In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall
greet me, [bless'd ;

And lead me to mansions prepared for the
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky un-
clouded,

I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of
Love. [lestial,

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned ce-
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions
terrestrial,

In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise :
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through
heaven,

My soul will respond, To Emmanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden
of Love. [of glory '

3 Then hail, blessed state ! Hail, ye songsters
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above !
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
" Salvation from sorrow thro' Jesus's love :"

Though 'prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
Of joys that await me, when freed from pro-
bation : [Love,

My heart's own in Heaven, the Eden of

HYMN 299. Part 2d—7s.

Ascension.

HAIL, the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven ;
There the pompous triumph waits ;
“ Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in ! ”

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Though ascending to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own :
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master, (may we ever say,)
Taken from the world away,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee :
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height—
Grant our souls may thither rise—
Following thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our Lord shall come—
Looking for a happier home :
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign ;

There thy face unclouded see—
Find a heaven of heavens in thee.

HYMN 300. Part 2d—6 & 5.

Praise to the Savior.

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad,
His wonderful name :
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have :
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation,
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son ;
Our Jesus's praises,
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right ;
All glory and power,

And wisdom and might ;
 All honor and blessing,
 With angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite love.

HYMN 301. Part 2d—12s.

Hermit.

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not
 deplore thee, [tomb :
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 For the Savior has pass'd through its portals
 before thee, [gloom.
 The lamp of his love is thy guide through the
 2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer
 behold thee, [side ;
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
 fold thee, [died.
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless has
 3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long ;
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on
 thy waking, [phim's song.
 The song which thou heardest was the sera-
 4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong
 to deplore thee, [thy guide ;
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
 He gave thee, he took thee, and soon he'll re-
 store thee,
 Where death has no sting, since the Savior
 has died.

HYMN 302. Part 2d—12s.

The Martyr's Death Song.

I HAVE fought the good fight—I have finish'd
my race, [brace ;

And Thee, O my Savior, I soon shall em-
They may torture this body—my spirit is free,
And the billows of death shall but waft it to thee.

2 Let thy strength, Lord, but gird me—thy
smile be but mine.

And my soul on thy faithfulness, firmly recline;
The dungeon—the sword, or the stake—I can
dare,

And in transports expire—if my Jesus be there.

3 Did my Lord feel the scourge? Did the
thorns pierce his brow? [bow ?

In the darkness of death, on the cross did he
All this didst thou suffer, my Savior, for me ?

Then welcome the fetters, that link me to thee.

4 United in suffering—the promise is clear,
I shall with my Jesus in glory appear;
Out of great tribulation in triumph I go,
With my robe wash'd in blood and made whiter
than snow.

5 I go to my Savior—I go to my God,
I tread the same path my Redeemer once trod :
Unworthy, my Jesus, unworthy am I, [die.
E'en to fall in thy cause—for thy truth e'en to

6 Lo! on my clear vision, the seats of the bless'd
Seem calmly to shine, and invite me to rest ;
Then unshaken my soul on the promise relies ;
“ Though I die, I shall live—though I fall, I
shall rise.”

HYMN 303. Part 2d—8s.

The gain of Godliness.

- H**OW happy and blessed am I,
Whose state is now peace with my God;
A rebel by Jesus brought nigh,
Absolved and redeem'd by his blood,
Salvation so precious to me!
Thy grace can all terror disarm,
Experience has proved it to be
Adapted to conquer and charm.
- 2 Bless'd Jesus! how sweet is thy name!
Thy servant for ever I'll be;
I'm resolved to follow the Lamb,
And sacrifice all unto thee.
I run for a prize that is sure,
A crown that will never decay,
This makes me with patience endure,
And press for the glories of day.
- 3 Inspired with the hope of such bliss,
No charms that are sinful shall move;
My soul is resolved through grace,
To press for the mansions above.
Though many obstructions I find
From Satan, the world, flesh, and sin,
Yet Jesus my heart has inclined,
To yield all obedience to him.
- 4 The doctrine I'm taught is sublime,
Most sweet are the blessings of peace;
The joy I now feel is divine,
My strength and support are from grace;
To conquest I've ofttimes been led,
Advancing I'll still keep the field;

Oft Satan before me has fled,
When armed with faith as a shield.

HYMN 304. Part 2d—8 & 7.

The Female Pilgrim.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wand'ring through this gloomy vale?
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Trav'ling through this lonely void;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm bless'd with such a GUIDE.
Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise:
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes:
Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Yes, unseen; but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end;
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale,
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I'll bend;
 Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
 There my pilgrimage will end.
 For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
 Down the vale she plunged from sight;
 Gazing still, I saw her rising,
 Like an angel cloth'd in light!
 Oh, she's gone to the kingdom,
 Will you follow her to glory?
 Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 305. Part 2d—C. M.

Comfort in sickness and death.

WHEN sickness shakes the languid
 Each dazzling pleasure flies; [frame,
 Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
 Our long deluded eyes.

2 Then the tremendous arm of death
 Its hated sceptre shows,
 And nature faints beneath the weight
 Of complicated woes.

3 The tott'ring frame of mortal life
 Shall crumble into dust;
 Nature shall faint; but learn, my soul,
 On nature's God to trust.

4 The man, whose pious heart is fix'd
 On his all-gracious God,
 In ev'ry frown may comfort find,
 And kiss the chast'ning rod.

5 Nor him shall death itself alarm,
 On Heaven his soul relies ;
 With joy he views his Maker's love,
 And with composure dies.

HYMN 306. Part 2d—C. M.

Praise for recovery from sickness.

SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
 In ev'ry chast'ning stroke ;
 And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
 Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee, in my distress, I cried,
 And thou hast bow'd thine ear ;
 Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,
 And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
 That, with the pious throng,
 I may record my solemn vows,
 And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
 Renews our lab'ring breath :
 Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
 Triumphant e'en in death.

HYMN 307. Part 2d—L. M.

Afflictions sanctified by the word.

OHOW I love thy holy word,
 Thy gracious covenant, O Lord ;
 It guides me in the peaceful way ;
 I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining wealth ?
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health ?

What are all joys, compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows?

3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path secure I stray'd;
Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,
And straight I turn'd unto my God.

4 What though it pierced my fainting heart;
I bless thine hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal wo.

5 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precept I had still despised;
And still the snare, in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

6 I love thee, therefore, O my God, [abode :
And breathe tow'rd's heaven, thy bright
Where, in thy presence, fully bless'd,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

HYMN 308. Part 2d—S. M.

A morning hymn.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'nly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I lay me down
Beneath his guardian care;

I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

5 Dear Savior, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Tinged with thy blood it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

HYMN 309, Part 2d—C. M.

JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On ev'ry hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

2 If, on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean-deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In ev'ry age—in ev'ry clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

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*Hymns in this table marked thus *, relate to grace and love; those marked thus †, are designed to be used at Baptism and the Lord's Supper; and those marked thus ‡, are adapted to Funeral occasions.*

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HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

FOR THE

USE OF CHRISTIANS.

SUPPLEMENTARY

TO D. MILLARD AND J. BADGER'S COLLECTION,

Published by the Christian Gen. Book Association.

EXETER, N. H.

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PREFACE.

THIS small collection of Hymns is designed as supplementary to the Hymn Book published by the Christian General Book Association, and to be bound in the same book. The publishers, desirous to continue the following Hymns in the Churches, have republished them. It was our design to have published each hymn at full original length, but found we must leave out several, or shorten some hymns; the latter we reluctantly chose, yet we trust without much injury to the hymns, and rendering them more suitable for public worship and spiritual devotion.

THE COMPILERS.

Charles W. Brewster, Printer.

SUPPLEMENT.

.....

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

HYMN 1.—L. M.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.
Ps. 72.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2 For this shall constant prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost :

6 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long amen.

HYMN 2.—C. M.

A practical improvement of Baptism.

ATTEND, ye children of our God,
 Ye heirs of glory, hear ;
 For accents so divine as these
 Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die ;
 With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits,
 Enthron'd divinely fair !
 Yes, owns himself your brother still,
 And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise,
 On wings of faith and love ;
 Above, your choicest treasure lies,
 And be your hearts above.

HYMN 3.—P. M.—5 & 7.

Christ's invitation to his Spouse.

ARISE my dear love
My undefil'd dove,
I hear my dear Jesus to say,
The winter is past,
The spring's come at last,
My love, my dove, come away.

2 All smiling in love
The young turtle dove,
The flowers appearing in May,
All speak forth the praise
Of the ancient of days,
My love, my dove, come away.

3 Come away from th' world's cares,
Those troublesome snares,
That follow you night and by day ;
That you may be free
From the troubles that be,
My love, my dove, come away,

4 Come away from all pride,
From that raging tide,
That makes you fall out by the way ;
Come learn to be meek,
And your Jesus to seek,
My love, my dove, come away.

5 Come travel the road
That leads you to God,
For it is a bright shining way ;

Come run up and down
My errands upon,
My love, my dove, come away.

HYMN 4.—L. M.

ALL those who seek a throne of grace,
Find one they may in every place,
To those who love a life of prayer,
Our God is present ev'ry where.

2 The shady grove, and burning plain,
The blooming field, and swelling main,
Alike are sweet in secret prayer,
For God is present ev'ry where.

3 In pining sickness or in health,
In poverty or growing wealth;
The humble soul delights in prayer,
For God is present ev'ry where.

4 When Zion mourns, and comforts fail,
And all her foes do scoff and rail,
'Tis then a time for secret prayer,
For God is present ev'ry where.

5 When some backslide, and others fall,
And few are found that strive at all
The faithful find in secret pray'r,
That God is present ev'ry where.

6 O then my soul, in ev'ry strait,
To the Almighty come and wait;
Who sees, and ev'ry sigh doth hear,
And he will answer all true pray'r.

HYMN 5.—C. M.

The converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch,
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd ;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd.

3 " Jesus, thou son and heir of heaven,
" Thou spotless Lamb of God,
" I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
" And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 " Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
" In triumph thou shalt rise,
" Burst through the gloomy shades of death
" And shine above the skies.

5 " Amidst the glory of that world,
" Dear Saviour, think on me ;
" And in the vict'ries of thy death,
" Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus heard,
And instantly replies,
" To day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

HYMN 6.—L. M.

"Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

ASSIST my soul, my heav'nly King,
Thine everlasting love to sing ;
And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
As one through grace that's born of God.

2 No, it was not the will of man,
My soul's new heavenly birth began ;
Nor will nor pow'r of flesh and blood,
That turn'd my heart from sin to God.

3 Herein let self be all abas'd,
And heav'nly love alone confess'd ;
This be my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God.

4 O may this love my soul constrain,
To make returns of love again ;
That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's born of God.

5 And when th' appointed hour shall come,
That thou wilt call me to thy home ;
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
And die as one that's born of God.

6 Then shall my soul triumphant rise,
To its blest mansion in the skies ;
And in that glorious bright abode,
Sing there as one that's born of God.

HYMN 7.—L. M.

If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established. Isa. vii. 9.

ATTEND my soul and trembling hear,
This awful truth demands your fear,
Persisting still to disbelieve,
No hope nor grace can you receive.

2 Attend to what th' Eternal saith,
And pray incessantly for faith,
Lest in an awful, hast'ning hour,
You fall to be restor'd no more.

3 Pray for that faith which stands sincere,
Which strives till death to persevere ;
That faith which treads the tempter down
Which apprehends the heav'nly crown.

4 That faith which gladdens all the heart.
Cleansing the soul through every part,
That faith which justifies, which draws
The will t'obey Jehovah's laws.

5 That faith which works inspir'd by love,
Shed by the Spirit from above ;
That faith which can the cross sustain,
And sing in poverty and pain.

6 Faith which can Satan's schemes destroy,
And fill the soul with constant joy,
Which sees its path in darkest night,
And keeps the heav'nly port in sight.

7 O precious faith !—May I be found,
 Establish'd on its happy ground :
 Instruct me, Jesus, from above,
 And build me up in faith and love.

8 Then let the rising billows roll,
 Faith is the anchor of my soul ;
 I'm well secur'd on ev'ry side,
 Fix'd firm in Christ, my rock, my guide.

HYMN 8.—C. M.

Crown Him.

BACKSLIDERS who your mis'ry feel,
 Attend your Saviour's call ;
 Return, he'll your blackslidings heal ;
 O crown him Lord of all.

2 Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt,
 And painful is your thrall ;
 For broken hearts his blood was spilt,
 O crown him Lord of all.

3 Take with you words, approach his throne
 And low before him fall ;
 He understands the spirit's groan ;
 O crown him lord of all.

4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
 Altho' your faith be small ;
 His faithfulness you cannot doubt ;
 O crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 9.—C. M.

A word of comfort to the Lambs of Christ.

BLEST be my God that I was born
To hear the joyful sound !
That I was born to be baptiz'd,
Where gospel truths abound.

2 Blest be my God for what I see ;
My God for what I hear ;
I hear such blessed news from heav'n,
Nor earth, nor hell I fear.

3 I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die,
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high.

4 On high he stands to plead my cause,
And will return again,
And set me on a glorious throne,
That I with him may reign.

HYMN 10.—L. M.

At Dismission.

DISMISS us with thy blessing Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word !
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fetter' soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 11.—L. M.

*Blessing God for his goodness to soul and
body. Ps. ciii. 1—7.*

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy tho'ts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot ?

3 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels.
Reedeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food,

6 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

HYMN 12.—P. M.—7 & 6.

The Weary Traveller.

COME all ye weary travellers,
Now let us join and sing,
The everlasting praises,
Of Jesus our great King.
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome it is true ;
But see how many dangers,
The Lord has brought us through.

2 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We have had long to wander
In a dark wilderness,
Where we might long have fainted,
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

3 In faith, and hope, and patience
We often do rejoice,
And Jesus and his people,
Forever are our choice,
In peace and consolation,
We now are going on,
The pleasant road to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone.

4 Now to the King immortal,
Be everlasting praise,

For in his holy service,
We long to spend our days,
Till we arrive at Canaan,
The glorious world above,
With everlasting wonder,
To sing redeeming love.

HYMN 13.--C. M.

The presence of God worth dying for.

- L**ORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel the heav'nly rays.
- 2 This Gabriel knows and sings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue ;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heav'n repeats the song.
- 3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace,
The happy regions fill.
- 4 Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad ;
O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for,
To see a smiling God.
- 5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried ;
"Climb up the mount," says God ' and die ;'
The prophet climb'd and died.

HYMN 14.—C. M.

Reign of Christ.

HASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone ;
And all the nations of the world
Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
Press to the gospel sound ;
And grace eternal sweetly shine,
To ravish all around.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb
Raise the dear cross on high ;
And from a clear refulgent light,
Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Now shall the glorious gospel fly
To sound the Saviour forth ;
And faith, and love, and joys divine,
Shall run through all the earth.

5 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
And peace immortal flow ;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.

6 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray
Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

HYMN 15.—L. M.

The Believer's Hiding-Place.

- H**AIL heav'nly love, that first began
The scheme to rescue wretched man,
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a Hiding-place.
- 2 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a Hiding-place.
- 3 But lo ! th' eternal counsel ran,
" Almighty love arrests the man !"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no Hiding-place.
- 4 God's glorious justice stood in view ;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no Hiding-place.
- 5 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd,
Which led me on a pleasant pace,
To Jesus Christ my Hiding-place.
- 6 A few more rolling years at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
Safe in my glorious Hiding-place.

HYMN 16.—C. M.

Praise for the hope of Glory.

- I** SOJOURN in a vale of tears ;
Alas ! how can I sing !
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Untun'd in ev'ry string.
- 2 My music is a captive's chain ;
Harsh sounds my ears do fill ;
How shall I sing sweet Zion's songs
On this side Zion's hill ?
- 3 Yet lo ; I hear the joyful sound,
Surely I'll quickly come !
Each word much sweetness doth distil,
Like a full honey comb.
- 4 And wilt thou come, my dearest Lord ?
And wilt thou surely come ?
Yes, on such prospects I can rest,
And shall be soon at home.
- 5 Come then, my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest friend ;
Come, for I loath these Kedar tents
Thy fiery chariot send.
- 6 I have a God who changeth not,
Why should I be perplex'd ?
My God who owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

HYMN 17.—C. M.

Joy in the Holy Ghost.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice,
In him my Saviour and my God ;
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
I have a feast at home ;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come.

3 Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast :
To witness God's eternal love ;
This is my heav'nly feast.

4 This makes me Abba Father cry,
With confidence of soul ;
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without control.

5 There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne ;
And from the Lamb a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

6 This stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing ;
One cordial drop revives my heart !
Hence all my joys do spring.

HYMN 18.—L. M.

The Evangelist's Farewell.

RULER of worlds display thy pow'r,
Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour ;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shores, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,
And be the universe thine own !

3 Speak and the world shall hear thy voice
Speak and the deserts shall rejoice !
Scatter the shades of mortal night ;
Let worthless idols flee the sight.

4 Trusting in him, dear brethren, rear,
The Gospel standard, void of fear ;
Go see with joy your destin'd shore,
To view your native land no more.

5 Yes, Christian heroes ! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name !
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

6 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

HYMN 19.—P. M.—8 & 7.

Christ our Advocate.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my troubled, weary spirit,
Now finds rest in thee my God.

2 I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie,
Sin and satan cannot harm me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.

3 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same.

4 He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find,
Whosoe'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

5 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his father and our God :
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.

6 Now methinks I hear him praying,
"Father spare them; I have died;"
And the father answers, saying,
"They are freely justified."

HYMN 20.—L. M.

“ For he is thy Lord, and worship thou him.”

ONCE more dear brethren join to sing
Jesus our Lord our heavenly King;
His praise proclaim with sweet accord,
And worship him for he's your Lord.

2 Unite to show his glory forth,
Sing of his excellence and worth;
His loving kindness here record,
And worship him for he's your Lord.

3 O trust and triumph in his name,
Jesus unchangably the same;
His name shall endless joys afford,
Then worship him, for he's your Lord.

4 Before him walk in humble faith,
And in him trust in life and death;
Worthy is he to be ador'd,
Then worship him, for he's your Lord.

5 Though from each other here we part,
With him we trust we're joined in heart;
He's our exceeding great reward,
And him we'll worship as our Lord.

6 Ere long our happy souls shall meet
In glory boundless and complete;
And there according to his word,
Forever worship him our Lord.

HYMN 21—C. M.

Heavenly Union.

- O**UR souls in love together knit,
Cemented, join'd in one,
One heart, one voice, one faith, one mind,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stoop'd and talk'd, and kindly blest,
And fill'd our large desire.
- 3 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm and bold,
For Christ to live and die.
- 4 Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Tho' foes increase and friends do fail,
We'll seize the crown in view.
- 5 When thou thy jewels shall make up,
And set the starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own,
- 6 May we a little band of love,
Be children sav'd by grace,
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 22—L. M.

The Christian.

- H**ONOUR and happiness unite,
To make the Christian's name a praise ;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days !
- 2 A kingly character he bears ;
No change his priestly office knows ;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.
- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face ;
His robe is of the eternal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.
- 4 Inferior honors he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth ;
The King of Kings himself maintains,
Th' expenses of his heav'nly birth.
- 5 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above ;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love !
- 6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought !
Methinks from earth I see him rise ;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

HYMN 29.—P. M. 5 & 6.

HARK! whence that voice,
Hark! hear the joyful shouting,
See! see what splendour
Spreads its beams around us,
Turning dark midnight
Into noon tide glory,
As it approaches.

2 With pomp majestic,
See the heav'nly vision,
Swiftly descending,
While attending angels
Pour acclamations,
And celestial chanting,
Wakes our attention.

3 Fear not, ye shepherds,
'Tis the prince of peace comes,
Full of compassion,
Full of love and pity,
Bringing salvation
For the lost of mankind,
For ruin'd nations.

4 Go pay your homage
To your infant Saviour,
Laid in a manger,
See the Lord of glory
Meanly attended,
Yet the great Redeemer;
Yon star shall guide you

- 5 Give God the glory,
All ye hosts celestial,
Peace dwells on earth,
And man enjoys the favor ;
Rais'd from death's dungeon,
Made heirs to life eternal,
Through a Mediator.
- 6 O may impressions
Of his boundless mercy
Ever remind us
Of our grateful duty ;
Sweet the employment
To proclaim his goodness
And sing his praises.

HYMN 24.—C. M.

After Baptism.

PROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wondrous
To all the sons of men ; [grace,
He that believes and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain.

- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race ;
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

HYMN 25. P. M.—6 & 8.

The Beggar's Prayer.

- E**NCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door ;
No hand, nor heart, dear Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
 Relief from men to gain,
If offered unto thee,
 I know thou would'st disdain ;
But those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 Nor dare I to profess,
 As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few ;
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.
- 4 Though crumbs are much too good
 For such a worm as I,
No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy ;
O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow,
- 5 Thy ways thou Only Wise,
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,

Far as the arched skies

Above this earth extend ;

Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,
But God accepts a beggar's prayer.

HYMN 26.—L. M.

" So will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law ; and if I perish I perish. " —Esther iv. 16.

SINNERS expos'd to dreadful woe,
Arise and to King Jesus go ;
Your guilt confess, his favour seek,
And wait to hear what God will speak.

2 Fear not the Law, 'tis grace that reigns,
Jesus the sinner's cause maintains ;
He ransom'd rebels with his blood,
And now he intercedes with God.

3 To him approach with fervent prayer,
And if you perish, perish there ;
Resolv'd at Jesus' feet to lie,
Suing for mercy till you die.

4 Like Esther venture near his throne,
And make your supplications known,
Tell him the cause of all your grief,
And he will grant you quick relief.

5 Thrice happy souls, who thus address
The God of love and boundless grace,
Jesus will such completely save,
And life eternal they shall have.

HYMN 27—L. M.

The Prince of Peace riding victoriously.

- I** COME, saith Jesus, lo I come,
To help the poor is my delight ;
Love is my nature, love my name ;
My help is free both day and night.
- 2 Come without money now to me,
Both weak and wounded, bond and poor ;
Rebels and pris'ners I will free,
The worst of all diseases' cure.
- 3 I'll labor at my own expense,
Cancel all debts and pay the cost ;
And give my bond for their defence,
That not one patient shall be lost.
- 4 I'm bound by my own love to be
Physician and a father too,
A friend to all eternity ;
What more can I propose to do.
- 5 Enough O Lord, and we adore
Thy wisdom, pity, and thy love,
Thou giv'st thyself, we ask no more ;
Now may we reign with thee above.
- 6 Let all the sons of men rejoice,
And join to learn thy precious name,
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry voice,
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

- 7 Let saints and angels join above,
The glory of thy name to sing.
While the sweet wonders of thy love,
Make all the heav'nly arches ring.
- 8 Let all creation join as one,
Thro' endless years thy love proclaim;
While sacred echoes cry, Amen!
Amen! all worthy is the Lamb!

HYMN 28.—P. M.—7 & 6.

Warning.

- S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go:
Will you sport upon the brink
Of future death or woe?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.
O be entreated now to stop,
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into the burning lake!
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not his iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When he judgment shall proclaim;

When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

O be entreated, &c.

3 Though your hearts are hard as steel,
Your foreheads lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;

Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

O be entreated, &c.

4 But as yet there is a hope
That you may mercy know,
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.

It was for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come:
None who come shall be denied,
He says there yet is room.

O be entreated, &c.

HYMN 29.—P. M.—9, 8 & 6.

The Pilgrim's Farewell.

LET us rise and go to Zion's hill,
Where all the peace and glory dwells,
And sit and sing to God our King,
And praise his name forevermore.

I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end,
And troubles come no more;

I'll go and see what joys are there.

2 Fare you well, my friends, I must be gone,
I have no home nor stay with you,
I take my leave and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.

I'll march, &c.

Farewell my loving friends, farewell.

3 Happy soul, just gone from earth to heav'n,
He flies to distant worlds above,
No more in this poor house of clay,
He dwells with God around the throne.

I'll march, &c.

Where pain and death can never come.

4 Travel on to blest eternity,
Where Jesus waits for us to come,
In death's dark gloom shout victory,
And rise to your eternal home,

I'll march, &c.

Where fear and change shall be no more.

5 Golden joys above, where Jesus dwells
His love is full for every saint,
Fountain of life immortal flows,
Thro' heavenly worlds without restraint.

I'll march, &c.

All's mine if faithful here below.

HYMN 30—P. M.

Free Grace.

THE voice of free grace
Cries escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ has open'd a fountain,
For sin and transgression
And ev'ry pollution,
His blood it flows freely
In plent'ous salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb
Thro' whom we've found pardon,
We'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 That fountain so clear
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
A plenteous redemption;
Tho' your sins are increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood it flows freely
In streams of salvation.

3 O! Jesus ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell
Thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be prais'd
In the great congregation,

And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands,
We'll praise him evermore ;
We'll range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
Forever and ever.

HYMN 31.--C. M.

Perfect love.

YES, perfect love is perfect bliss,
Proof rises all around ;
Nor can felicity like this,
Through earth or heaven be found.

2 This is the joy, if joy I know,
That can delight impart ;
Warm as the ruby tides that flow,
Incessant from my heart.

3 This is the joy that angels feel,
Where harps celestial move ;
And the fierce anguish known in hell,
Is perfect want of love.

4 Say, is not this the dazzling light,
That decks the seraph's crown ;
What is perdition's tenfold night,
But love's eternal frown ?

HYMN 32.—L. M.

The mourning soul answered by Christ.

WHERE, saith the mourner, is this Christ ;
That calls the hungry to a feast,
Where is that grace proclaim'd so free ?
Say herald, point the way to me.

2 " Well," saith the Saviour, " here I be,
" Where is the soul enquires for me ?
" I by my spirit now declare
" My grace is free, and you may share."

3 O, saith the soul, I would receive ;
Speak Lord, and help me to believe,
Since thou declar'st thy grace is free,
O give one precious drop to me.

4 " I wait," saith Jesus ; " at your door,
" With love that knows no bound nor shore,
" And far more free I am to give,
" Than you are willing to receive.

5 " Freely I die, I mourn, I bleed,
" I weep, I wait, promise and plead ;
" Lab'ring for you, all drest in gore
" What can I do or offer more ?

6 " O be besought to hear my voice,
" And make eternal life your choice ;
" Say, will you choose to sink to hell,
" Or else with me in glory dwell."

HYMN 33.—L. M.

Invitation to thirsty souls, &c.

THE Lord of life exalted stands,
Aloud he cries, and spreads his hands,
He calls ten thousand sinners round,
And sends a voice to ev'ry wound !

2 Attend ye thirsty souls, draw near,
And satisfy your wishes here ;
Behold ! the living fountain flows
In streams as various as your woes !

3 I purge from sin's detested stain,
And make the crimson white again ;
Lead to the glorious world above,
Where all my saints are fill'd with love.

4 Bless'd Saviour, I can doubt no more ;
I hear and wonder and adore !
Panting, I seek that Fountain Head,
Whence waters so divine proceed.

5 Clear spring of life ! flow on and roll
With growing swell from pole to pole,
Till flowers and fruits of paradise,
Round all thy winding current rise.

6 Still near thy stream may I be found,
Long as I tread this earthly ground ;
Cheer with thy wave death's gloomy shade,
Then thro' the fields of Canaan spread.

HYMN 34.—C. M.

On the Millenium.

- T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh
When Zion's light shall come :
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the rising sun !
The east and west their sons resign,
And all creation bend ;
The church, the new Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.
- 2 The King who wears the golden crown,
And holds the flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
And bless his church below.
When Zion's reigning, conquering King,
Shall Satan's works destroy,
The morning stars again will sing,
And Zion shout for joy !
- 3 The holy bright musician band,
Who play on harps of gold,
In holy order see they stand,
Fair Salem to behold,
Descending on sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore,
Such shouts thro' earth's extensive plains,
Were never heard before.
- 4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his time is long,
The saints though feeble, weak and poor,

- Their great Redeemer's strong ;
In storms he is their hiding place,
A covert from the wind,
A fountain in the wilderness,
Quite through this weary land.
- 5 The streams of life will flow from heav'n,
And issue from the throne ;
The floods of strife away be driv'n ;
The church become but one.
That peaceful union we shall know,
And dwell on Jesus' love,
And shout and sing his praise below,
As angels do above.
- 6 A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete ;
Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour, Christ to meet ;
They rise with joy and mount on high,
They fly to Jesus' arms,
And gaze with wonder and delight,
On their Beloved's charms.
- 7 Like apples fair his beauties are,
To feed and cheer the mind,
No earthly fruit can so recruit,
Nor flagons full of wine,
Their troubles o'er, they grieve no more,
But sing in strains of joy,
In raptures sweet, in bliss complete,
They feast and never cloy.

HYMN 35. P. M.—7 & 7.

The Christian's Inquiry.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?

Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Should I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhorr'd;
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

6 Lord, decide this doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If indeed it is begun.

7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin this day.

HYMN 36.—C. M.—8 & 6.

The Mariner's Psalm —Ps. cvii.

THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boist'rous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt the dang'rous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves ;
The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd ;
Now to their eyes the port appears,
There let their vows be paid.

5 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord ;
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

HYMN 37.—L. M.

Prayer answered by crosses.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r ;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining pow'r
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd ;
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 " Lord, why is this ? " I trembling cried ;
" Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ? "
" 'Tis in this way, " the Lord replied,
" I answer pray'r for grace and faith :

- 7 " These inward trials I employ,
" From self and pride to set thee free,
" And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
" That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN 38—C. M.

- J**ESUS, I love thy charming name ;
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust ;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet :
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath ;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 39—L. M.

*I, even I, am he that comforteth you.—Isa.
li. 12.*

IN God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful heart and cheerful voice;
Thus saith his word, so kind, so true,
I, even I, will comfort you.

2 Sweet words!—O let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim;
These words shall foes and fears subdue,
I, even I, will comfort you.

3 Are you in darkness and distress!
Does satan roar and break your peace?
Fear not, but still this truth review,
I, even I, will comfort you.

4 Do sore afflictions on you lay,
And pungent sorrows day by day?
Look to this word, 'twill bear you thro',
I, even I, will comfort you.

5 If death in gloomy form appear,
And overwhelm your souls with fear,
Let this sweet word your faith renew,
I, even I, will comfort you.

6 And when each happy soul attains
That blissful state where glory reigns,
This song shall all his powers employ,
God is my comfort and my joy.

HYMN 40.—P. M.

Plain dealing with a backsliding heart.

STUPID soul to folly cleaving,
Why has God no more thy heart ?
Why art thou thy mercies leaving ?
Why must thou with Jesus part ?

2 Is there in this world existing,
Aught with Jesus to compare ?
Yea, can heaven itself produce one,
Half so lovely, half so fair !

3 Ah ! look back upon the season,
When thy soul the Saviour chose
For thy portion, and thy spirit
Did with his salvation close.

4 Ah ! remember thine espousal :
Didst thou not with Christ agree,
Leaving all thy former lovers,
His and his alone to be ?

5 Yes, thou know'st thy joyful spirit,
Knew no unfulfill'd desire ;
Longing still, and still receiving,
Fuel for the heav'nly fire.

6 Why then, tell me, now so lifeless ?
Why this heav'nly fountain leave ?
Why to broken cisterns seeking,
Cisterns that no water give ?

HYMN 41—P. M.—8's.

Buy the truth, and sell it not.

THE worth of truth no tongue can tell ;
'Twill do to buy but not to sell ;
A large estate that soul has got
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth like a diamond shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are—
More worth than gold and silver coin ;
O ! may it always in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty,
From sin and satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed—
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O ! happy they who in their youth,
Are bro't to know and love the truth ;
For none but they whom truth makes free,
E'er can enjoy true liberty.

6 Truth like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair ;
And never let it once be told
The truth, by us, was ever sold.

HYMN 42.—L. M.

An exhortation to proclaim Christian union.

YE saints of God of every name,
Unite your songs, the Lord proclaim ;
Extol him high—take him for King,
And make the trump of union ring.

2 Let human rules be all forgot,
And take the word which changes not ;
Submit to God—salvation sing,
And let the trump of union ring.

3 Lay down your strife and party zeal,
The law of love let all fulfil,
To Jesus now your honors bring,
And let the trump of union ring.

4 Forsake your pride—the Lord adore,
And boast your party name no more,
Let humble love and peace abound,
And make the trump of union sound.

5 God's church is free, his church is one,
Give up your strife, the work's begun,
Aloud proclaim, the truth is found,
And let the trump of union sound.

6 We call thee Lord, thou art the way,
Thou art our light, our brilliant day ;
We feel the life, with joy profound,
We will the trump of union sound.

HYMN 43.—C. M.

Comfort to those who seek a risen Jesus.

Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

- Y**E humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with pleasure down to see,
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;
Such wonders love can do :
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise,
And wash the bloody stains away,
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again ;
Not all the bolts and bars of death,
The Conq'ror could retain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head ;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like this shall every saint,
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 44.—C. M.

The Year of the Redeemed.

COME, welcome this new year of grace,
Proclaim'd through Jesus' blood ;
The happy year of our release,
To seal our peace with God.

2 We hear the gospel's joyful sound,
Proclaim the jubilee ;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To set the ransom'd free.

3 Ye aged saints who long have sigh'd,
To see this happy day,
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To wipe your tears away.

4 Ye Lambs of Christ, whose souls are bound
In love's eternal chain,
The year of the redeem'd is come,
And you with Christ shall reign.

5 But O, ye careless, Christless souls,
Who scorn the happy few ;
The year of the redeem'd will come,
And take them all from you.

6 When Michael bursts the vaulted tomb,
And bids the dead arise,
We'll sing the year of the redeem'd,
And lift our joyful eyes.

HYMN 45—P. M. 6 & 8.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.

Proverbs viii. 12.

NOW whilst I try my heart

By this unerring word,

My conscience can assert,

I truly fear the Lord.

I cannot tread the paths of sin,

I long for holiness within.

2 Yes, holiness of heart,

I would more largely share,

I mourn with inward smart

The evils that are there.

I hate my thoughts whenever vain,

I would from every sin abstain.

3 I hate this wretched pride,

These covetous desires ;

I'd have them crucified,

For Christ my heart requires.

Jesus, do thou these foes subdue,

O make me more sincere and true.

4 I'd live alone to thee,

I love t' obey thy word,

Well pleas'd that thou should'st be

My Saviour and my Lord.

To thee I now resign my heart,

Renew it, Lord, in ev'ry part.

HYMN 46.—P. M.

DROOPING saints no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious,
If in Christ you do believe
You will find him precious ;
Jesus now is passing by
Calling mourners to him,
He has died for you and I,
Now look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet and side
Flows a healing fountain,
See the consoling tide
Boundless as the ocean;
See the healing waters move
For the sick and dying,
Now resolve to gain his love
Or to perish trying.

3 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden,
Jesus calls—come unto me
Weary, heavy laden ;
Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely
All shall be forgiven.

4 Now methinks I hear one say
I will go and prove him,
If he takes my sins away

Surely I shall love him.

Yes, I see the Father smile ;

Smiling moves my burden,

All is grace, for I am vile

Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,

Now I know I feel it,

Half has never yet been told

Yet I want to tell it :

Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,

O the wond'rous story !

I was lost, but now am found,

Glory ! glory ! glory !

6 Glory to my Savior's name,

Saints are bound to love him,

Mourners, you may do the same,

Only come and prove him :

Hasten to the Savior's blood,

Feel it and declare it ;

O that I could sound so loud

That all the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys are known

In the upper region,

I will try to travel on

In this pure religion ;

Heaven's here, and heaven's there,

Glory here and yonder ;

Brightest seraphs shout amen,

While all the angels wonder.

HYMN 47.—P. M. 6 & 8.

High Priest.

A GOOD High Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace.
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 My Lord a Priest is made,
As sware the mighty God,
To Israel and his seed,
Ordain'd to offer blood
For sinners who his mercy seek,
A Priest as was Melchisedek.

3 He once temptations knew,
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour shew,
To every tempted mind.
In every point the Lamb was tried
Like us, and then for us he died.

4 He died but lives again,
And by the altar stands;
There shews how he was slain,
Op'ning his pierced hands.
Our Priest abides, and pleads the cause
Of those who have transgress'd his laws.

5 I other priests disclaim,
Their laws and off'rings too ;
None but the bleeding Lamb,
The mighty work can do.
He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath liv'd, and died, and lives for me.

HYMN 48.—P. M.—6 & 8.

Yet there is room.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you ;
Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame,
All things are ready, sinner come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

3 Constrain'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear ;
Let whosoever will, now come,
In mercy's breast there still is room.

HYMN 49.—P. M.

- C**OME let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the comforts of hope & the labor of love.
- 3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 O that each in the day of his coming
may say
I have fought my way through ;
I have finished the work thou didst give
me to do.
- 5 O that each from his Lord may receive
the glad word,
Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy and sit down on my
throne.

HYMN 50.—L. M.—8's.

- W**HEN sorrows encompass me round,
And deepest distresses I see ;
Astonish'd I cry, can a mortal be found,
That's surrounded by troubles like me ?
- 2 Few moments of peace I enjoy,
And they are succeeded by pain :

If a moment of praising my God I enjoy,
I have hours again to complain.

3 O when shall my sorrows be o'er ?
O when shall my sufferings cease ?

O, when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,
To the mansions of glory and peace ?

4 If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brethren beneath ;

I hope I shall join you, as shouting you go,
After laying my corpse in the earth.

5 May no sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus hath call'd me home ;

But with singing and shouting let each
brother say,

He has gone from the evil to come.

6 My spirit to glory convey'd,
My body laid low in the ground ;

I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising around.

7 O'erwhelmed with the fulness of love,
I then like an angel shall sing ;

Till Christ shall descend with a shout
from above,

And make all creation to ring.

8 Our slumbering bodies obey,
And quicker than thought shall arise ;

Removed in a moment, go shouting away,
To the mansions above in the skies.

HYMN 51.—C. M.—8 & 6.

The meal and cruise of oil.

BY the poor widow's oil and meal,
Elijah was sustain'd ;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.

2 It seem'd as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die ;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.

3 Thus to his poor he still will give
Just for the present hour ;
But for to-morrow they must live
Upon his word and pow'r.

4 No barn or store-house they possess,
On which they can depend ;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.

5 Then let no doubts your mind assail,
Remember God has said,
" The cruise and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed."

6 Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save ;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but, ask and have.

HYMN 52.—P. M.

Child of prosperity.

CHILD of prosperity,
Nursling of vanity,
Slave of preferment,
Of wealth and renown,
Does love smooth thy pillow?
Is hush'd each rude billow
Of care in thy breast?
Is the wretchedness flown?
Is smiling contentment,
Thy constant attendant?
Does happiness place
Her green wreath on thy brow,
And joy raise thy bosom
With heart-felt emotion,
And chase from thy vision
Each prospect of woe?

2 Ah! No! Wealth nor grandeur,
Nor titles of honour,
Can ever impart
A sweet calm to the mind;
All, all is emotion,
Their pleasure's a notion,
They leave no enjoyment
Or comforts behind.
Then haste to the mountain,
Where flows from the fountain
The streams of enjoyment

Unmingled with care ;
The Eden of pleasure,
The permanent treasure,
The harbour of rest,
For no billows are there.

3 Your peace, like a river,
Forever and ever
Shall glide undisturb'd
In its channels along,
To that blissful region,
Where heavenly religion
Invites you ; O haste !
For she beckons you on—
Such heav'nly enjoyments
Excite sweet employments.
Our harps all of gold
In the mansions above ;
Of joys unmolested,
As angels ne'er tasted,
O'erwhelm'd in the ocean
Of pleasure and love.

HYMN 53.—P. M.—8s & 7s.

DARK and thorny is the desert,
Thro' which pilgrims make their way,
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
Lies the field of endless day.
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,

- And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.
- 2 O young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne,
He who dy'd his garments for you,
And the wine press trod alone.
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole;
Round him are ten thousand angels
Ready to obey command;
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.
- 4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest;
Love and joy and peace forever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint the scenes of glory
Where the ransom'd dwell on high,
There on golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky.
- 5 There a million flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;

There they sing immortal praises ;
Glory ! glory ! is their strain.
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring ;
And the song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 O their crowns ! how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore ;
They are gone to richer pastures ;
Jesus is their shepherd there.
Hail ! ye happy, happy, spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear,
Grief nor sorrow, pain or anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

HYMN 54. P. M.

Love to man.

ALMIGHTY love inspire,
My heart with sacred fire,
And animate my soul with desire to renew;
To him is due our praise,
On Whom bright angels gaze,
And symphony increases above the ethereal blue.

2 Thou tender-hearted Saviour,
Thy love my soul amazes,
Who died for to save us, when lost and
undone ;

No cherubim reliev'd us,
No angel could redeem us ;
And nothing could save us but Jesus and
his love.

3 O thou, the sinner's friend,
My simple prayer attend,
And save me to the end from the evil to
come.
Afford to me the favour
Which issues from my Saviour ;
And O forsake me never till all my toils
are o'er.

4 While here on earth I stay,
I'll hope for that glad day,
Till I am call'd away to the mansions above,
There to enjoy the treasure,
Of never ceasing pleasure,
And shout in highest measure, hallelujahs
of love.

5 There in the blooming garden,
Obtained by free pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan we'll worship
the lamb ;
We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes,
A song that never closes, in praises to his
name.

HYMN 55.—L. M.

At a Church Meeting before Experiences.

NOW we are met in holy fear
 To hear the happy saints declare,
 The free compassion of a God,
 The virtue of a Saviour's blood.

2 Jesus assist them now to trace,
 What they've experienced by thy grace ;
 O Saviour help them now to show,
 The work almighty love can do.

3 While to the church they freely own
 What for their souls the Lord hath done,
 We'd join to praise eternal love,
 And heighten all the joys above.

HYMN 56—P. M.

Reflection.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
 Around the steady pole ;
 Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
 And I must launch thro' boundless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
 How swift the moments pass between !
 And whisper as they fly—

Unthinking man, remember this,
Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die !

3 My soul, attend the solemn call.
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 Long ere the sun has run its round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot :
Alas ! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall intervene,
My name be quite forgot.

5 But shall my soul be then extinct,
And cease to be, or cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be :
Thou, active spirit, wilt not die ;
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free ?

6 Will mercy, then, its arms extend ?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend ?
And heaven thy dwelling place ?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
To drag thee down to black despair,
Beyond the reach of grace ?

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